THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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INNOCENCE AND SAINTLINESS.

Our early innocence is nothing more than ignorance of evil. Christian life is not a retaining of that ignorance of evil; nor even a returning of it again. We lose our mere negative sinlessness. We put on a firm manly holiness. Human innocence is not to know evil:—Christain saintliness is to know evil and good and to prefer good. It is possible for a parent with over-fastidious refinement, to prolong the duration of this innocence unnaturally. He may lock up his library, and prevent the entrance to forbidden books; he may exercise a jealous censorship over every book and every companion that comes into the house; he may remove the public journal from the table lest an eye may chance to rest on the contaminating portion of its pages; but he has only put off the evil hour. He has sent into the world a young man of eighteen or twenty, ignorant of evil as a child, but not innocent as an angel who abhors the evil. No, we cannot get back our past ignorance, neither is it desirable we should. No sane mind wishes for that which is impossible. And it is no more to be regretted than the slender gracefulness of the sapling, when you have got instead the woody fibre of the heart of oak of which the ship is made;—no more to be regretted that the green blade when the ear has come instead, bending down in yellow ripeness.—*Rev. F. W. Robinson.*

☞ A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad.

☞ He who gets angry in a discussion while his opponent keeps cool, holds the hot end of the poker.

THE HIMALAYA AMONG ICEBERGS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

The above engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant H. Stratton Bates, of an English Regiment, lately the native interpreter to her Majesty's forces in New Zealand, who was in command of a detachment of invalid soldiers sent home on board the Himalaya, which arrived at Portsmouth, England, on the 16th ultimo. She fell in with a number of icebergs, of a larger size than are usually met with in the South Pacific Ocean; and it appears from this sketch that they beset the steamship in a really formidable way; in fact, the home voyage of the Himalaya was much delayed by this adventure.

DREAMING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

I am dreaming, gently dreaming,
Of the days that flitted by,
When the hours to me were seeming
Like a meteor in the sky.
Then the golden woof of pleasure,
Sunlight dancing on each thread,
Dancing to life's joyous measure,
Fairly turned my childish head.

I am dreaming of the hours,
When hope with golden light
Stole o'er my childish fancy,
In visions pure and bright.
Then came the guileless friendships
Of those merry blithesome days,
With memories of the hill-side haunts,
Still loved though far away.

Those golden hours have passed away,
Those friends are changed or gone,
Some have forgotten childhood's day,
In the busy gay world's tone.
We meet life's stern realities,
Old nature seems less kind,
And now the shadows creep before,
The sunlight steals behind.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

When they came in view of the Infirmary, Julius Wild ran forward to give notice that the doctor was approaching. Two or three of the medical men came into the great hall to meet him; Mark Cray one of them. The news of the accident had spread in the town, and the surgeons attached to the Infirmary were collecting there.

"We began to despair of you," cried Dr. Ford, "and there's no time to be lost. I was just recommending Mr. Cray to be the one to officiate."

Dr. Davenal turned his eye with an eagle glance on Mark Cray, ere the words had left Dr. Ford's lips. The look, the warning conveyed in it, was involuntary. Had Mark actually acceded to the recommendation, the look could scarcely have been sterner. Mark colored under it, and his thoughts went back to Lady Oswald. Never in Dr. Davenal's presence must he attempt to try his skill again.

"It is all right now that I am here," quietly observed Dr. Davenal to the surgeons. "I came the minute I knew of it from Mr. Wild."

But the night's work told on Dr. Davenal. The soaking rain, the chilling wind, had struck inwards the perspiration which Mrs. Scott's heated room had induced. On the next day he was visibly ill.

"Don't go out to-day, papa," implored Sara, who detected his suffering, and whose instinct, more than anything else, told her the time was come when he required care and advice himself, instead of going abroad to impart it to others.

"Not go out, child? I must go out."

"But you are not in a state for it. I am sure you are very ill."

"I caught cold last night; that's what it is. It will go off in a day or two."

"Yes, if you will lie by and nurse yourself. Not if you go out to make it worse."

"I have never lain by in all my life, Sara. A doctor has no time for lying by. What would become of my patients?"

He went out to his carriage, which waited. The close carriage; bright as the day was—for the weather had changed—it was the close carriage that had been ordered round by the doctor.

"Master's getting ill, I know," was the comment of Roger, when he found it was only to pay the daily round of near visits.

At the very moment that he quitted the gate, who should go by but Mr. Oswald Cray. And Mr. Oswald Cray quite started when he saw Dr. Davenal.

Never in the short space of a month—and it was little more than that since they met—had Oswald Cray witnessed in any one so great a change. That Dr. Davenal had much altered in the time, the least attentive observer could perceive; but on this morning he was looking unusually ill, from the effects of the cold caught two evenings before. It was impossible for either of them to pass the other had they so wished it, without being guilty of absolute rudeness, and they stopped simultaneously.

"You are ill, Dr. Davenal?" exclaimed Oswald, speaking impulsively.

"Middling. I have got a cold hanging about me. We have had some bad weather here."

It cannot be denied that Dr. Davenal's tone and manner betrayed a coldness never yet offered to Oswald Cray. Generous man though he was by nature, less prone to take offence than most people, he did think that Oswald Cray's slighting conduct had been unjustifiable, and he could not help showing his sense of it.

They stood a moment in silence, Oswald marking the ravages illness or something else had made on the doctor's face and form. His figure was drooping now, his face was careworn; but the sickness looked to be of mind, more than of body. Unfortunately those miserable suspicions, instilled into Oswald Cray's brain, arose now with redoubled force, and a question suggested itself—could anything save remorse change a man as he had changed in the short space of time?

"You are a stranger now, Mr. Oswald Cray. What has kept you from us?

"The last time I called you were all out," Oswald answered, somewhat evasively.

"And you could not call again! As you please, of course," continued the doctor, as Oswald's face took a somewhat repellent turn, and the Oswald pride became rather too conspicuous. "I had wished to say a word or two to you with regard to the will made by Lady Oswald; but perhaps you do not care to hear it."

"Anything that you, or I, or any one else can say will not alter the will, Dr. Davenal. And it does not in the least concern me."

"But I think you are resenting it in your heart, for all that."

Ah, what cross-purposes they were at! Oswald had not resented that; and all his fiery pride rose up to boiling heat at being accused of it. He had deemed that, to make Dr. Davenal the inheritor, was unjust to the nephews of Lady Oswald, and he had felt for them; but he had not *resented* it, even at heart. He spoke the literal truth when he said it was a matter that did not concern him. If the heavy cloud of misapprehension between them could but have cleared itself away!

"Will you be kind enough to understand me once for all, Dr. Davenal?" he haughtily said. "Lady Oswald's money, either before her death or after it, never was, nor could be, any concern of mine. I do not claim a right to give so much as an opinion upon her acts in regard to it; in fact I have no such right. Had she chosen to fling the money into the sea, to benefit nobody, she might have done so, for any wish of mine upon the point. I did feel a passing sorrow for the Stephensons when I saw their disappointment, but I did not permit myself to judge so far as to say Lady Oswald had done wrong. It was no affair of mine," he emphatically added; "and I did not make it one."

But, in spite of his impressive denial, Dr. Davenal did not believe him. Whence, else, the haughty resentment that shone forth from every line of his features? Whence, else, his past absence from the house, his altogether slighting conduct? Dr. Davenal made one more effort at concession, at subduing his unfounded prejudices.

"I can assure you I resented the will—if I may so say it. I resented it for the Stephensons' sake, and felt myself a pitiful usurper. Nothing would have induced me to accept that money, Mr. Oswald Cray; and steps are being taken to refund it, every shilling, to the Stephensons."

"Ah," remarked Oswald, "I heard something of it. Had it been willed to me I should have done the same."

He held himself rigidly erect as he said it. There was no unbending of the hard brow, there was no faint smile to break the haughty curve of the lip. That poisonous hint dropped by Neal—that the money was about to be restored through *fear*—was uncomfortably present to Oswald then. Dr. Davenal saw that the resentment, whatever its cause, was immoveable, and he stepped into his carriage without shaking hands.

"Good-morning to you, Mr. Oswald Cray."

And then the reaction set in, in Oswald Cray's mind, and he began to blush for his discourtesy. The care-worn face, the feeble form, haunted him throughout the day, and he began to ask himself, what if all his premises were wrong—if appearances and Neal's tale had been deceitful—if he had done the doctor grievous ill in his heart? It was but the reaction, I say, the repentance arising from his own haughty discourtesy, which he felt had been more offensively palpable than it need have been; but it clung to him for hours, haunting him in all the business that he had to transact.

It was somewhat strange, that just when this new feeling was upon him he should encounter Sara Davenal. They met in a lonely place—the once famed grave-yard at the back of the Abbey.

His business of the day over, Oswald Cray was going to pay a visit to Mark and his wife. He was nearer the back of the Abbey than the front, and, ignoring ceremony, intended to enter it by the small grated door, a relic of the old Abbey, which divided the grave-yard from one of the long Abbey passages. In passing that tombstone, already mentioned, Oswald turned his eyes down upon it; in the bright moonlight—for never had the moon been brighter—he could almost trace the letters; the next moment a noise in front attracted his attention—the closing of the grated door. There stood Sara Davenal. She had stayed with Mrs. Cray later than she intended, and was hastening home to dinner: in leaving the Abbey by this back entrance, a few minutes of the road were saved.

They met face to face. Sara's heart stood still, and her countenance changed from white to red with emotion. And Oswald?—all the love that Oswald had been endeavoring to suppress returned in its deepest force.

Ah, it is of no use! Try as we may, we cannot violate the laws of nature; we cannot bend them to our own will. In spite of the previous resolutions of weeks to forget her, Oswald Cray stood there knowing that he loved her above everything on earth.

"How are you, Sara?"

He had put out his hand to her in all calm self-possession; he had spoke the salutation with quiet equanimity; but as Sara looked in his face, she knew that his agitation was not in reality less than hers. She said a few confused words in explanation of her being there at that hour and alone. On calling that afternoon, she had found Caroline not well, and had stayed with her to the last moment, as Mark was in the country.

Then for a whole minute there was a silence. Perhaps neither *could* speak. Sara put an end to it by making towards the gate of egress.

"You will let me see you home, as you are alone?"

"No, thank you," she answered. "There is nothing to hurt me. It is as light as day."

He did not press it. He seemed half paralyzed with indecision. Sara wished him good-night, and he responded to it, and once more shook hands, all mechanically.

But ere she was through the gate, she turned to speak. One moment longer, and he had arrested her progress.

"There are two or three books at our house belonging to you," she said. "What is to be done with them? Shall they be sent to the Apple Tree?"

He caught her hands; he drew her from the gate into the bright moonlight. He could not let her go without a word of explanation; the cruelty of visiting upon her her father's sin was very present to him then.

"Are we to part thus for ever, Sara?"

Surely that question was cruel! It was not she who had instituted the parting; it was himself. She did not so much as know its cause.

"May we not meet once in a way as friends?" he continued, "I dare not ask for more now."

That he loved her still was all too evident. And Sara took courage to gasp forth a question. In these moments of agitation the cold conventionalities of the world are sometimes set aside.

"What has been the matter? How have we offended you?"

"*You* had not offended me," he answered, his agitation almost irrepressible. "I love you more than I ever did; this one moment of meeting has proved it me. I could lay down my life for you, Sara; I could sacrifice all, save honor, for you. And you? You have not changed?—you love me still?"

"Yes," she gasped, unable to deny the truth, too miserable to care to suppress it.

"And yet we must part! we must go forth on our separate paths, striving to forget. But when our lives shall end, Sara, we shall neither of us have loved another as we love now."

Her very heart seemed to shiver; the fiat was all too plainly expressed. But she stood there quietly, waiting for more, her hand in his.

"I would have forfeited half my future life, I would have given all its benefits, to be able to call you mine. The blow upon me has been very bitter."

"What blow?" she murmured.

"I cannot tell it you," he cried, after a struggle. "Not to you can I speak of it."

"But you must," she rejoined, the words breaking from her in her agony. "You have said too much, or too little."

"I have—Heaven help me! Can you not guess what it is that has caused this?"

"N—o," she faltered. But even as the word left her lips there rose up before her the secret of that dreadful night—with the suspicion that Oswald had in some unaccountable manner become cognizant of it.

"I loved you as I believe man never yet loved, Sara; I looked forward to years of happiness with you; I expected you to be my wife, the mother of my children. And—and—I cannot go on!" he broke off. "I cannot speak of this to you."

The tears were rolling down her pale face.

"You must not leave me in suspense, Oswald. It may be better for us both that you should speak out freely.

Yes, it might be better for them both; at any rate, he felt that no choice was left to him now. He drew nearer to her and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Is there no—Heaven pardon me for speaking the word to you, Sara!—disgraceful secret attaching now to—to your family? One which would render it impossible for a man of honor to—"

He would not conclude; he had said enough; and he felt the words to his heart's core. Whatever pain they may have brought to her, they inflicted ten-fold more upon him. With a low cry, she flung her hands before her face.

"Is it so, Sara?"

"It is. How did you hear of it?"

"The whisper came to me. Some people might—might—call it murder."

"No, no!" she broke forth in her pain. "It surely was not so bad as that. They kept the details from me, Oswald; but it could not have been so bad as that."

The words fell on his heart like an icebolt. Unconsciously to himself he had been hoping that she might disprove the tale.

For that purpose he had whispered to her of the worst; but it seemed that she could not deny it. It was quite enough, and he quitted the subject abruptly.

"God bless you, my darling, for ever and for ever," he said, taking her hands in his. "I do not respect or love you less; but I cannot—I cannot—you know what I would say. It is a cruel fate upon me, as upon you; and for the present, for both our sakes, it may be better that our paths in life should lie apart. After awhile we may meet again, as friends, and continue to be such throughout life."

The tears had dried on her face, as it was lifted in the moonlight, its expression one living agony. But there was no resentment in it; on the contrary, she fully justified him. Her hands lingered in his with a farewell pressure, and she strove to re-echo the blessing he had given.

And then they parted, each going a different way. Oswald Cray, in no mood for the Abbey now, struck off towards the Apple Tree; Sara, drawing her veil over her face, went on to her home.

And so the dream was over. The dream which she had long been unconsciously cherishing, of what a meeting between them might bring about, was over; and Sara Devenal had been rudely awakened to stern reality. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Piano-Forte---Its Use and Abuse.

It is really surprising to note the ignorance that prevails in regard to this universally popular musical instrument. The general class of people who possess them seem to know rather less about their manufacture and the proper method of using them, than they do about the watches they wear. With a view of enlightening the most benighted of the owners of pianos on the subject of their proper use and preservation, we have procured the following information on the subject from one whom we deem competent authority.

The great desideratum aimed at, by the best manufacturers of pianos, is to make them stand in tune well, for unless they succeed in this respect the quality of tone or beauty of finish they may impart to their pianos is comparatively of little value. To attain this desirable object, therefore, is the principal aim of our best makers; but few, however, succeed, and we will briefly state the reason.

The steel pins that hold the wires of a piano are driven into a solid block of wood, and in order that this wood may retain a firm hold of the pin, and yet admit of its being turned by the hammer of the turner, not only is great care and skill necessary in regard to the fitting of these pins, but it is absolutely requisite that the wood forming the "pin-block" should be of the very best seasoned material. Now this "seasoned" wood is best when prepared by out-door seasoning instead of by artificial means, but unfortunately this former method requires considerable capital to admit of so much dead stock, as it were, lying by. This large capital but few manufacturers have, and the result is, they have to use heat-dried wood, and the majority place wood thus seasoned in their pianos that will not withstand the action of the hot-air furnaces in such general use in private houses. The consequence in such cases can be readily foreseen, the result being that a year or two's use so shrinks up the wood of the pin blocks of those pianos in which this half-seasoned stuff is used, that the pins move in the block from every hard blow on the wires, and hence the piano will not stand in tune.

So much for the injurious effects of this artificial heat on a piano, as far as its standing in tune is concerned. In reference to its effect on the "action" of a piano, viz.: the keys and machinery for striking the wires, the result is, that the heat warps the keys, loosens the hold of the great number of screws, used in an action, in the wood, and thereby causes the keys to stick, or rattle, as the case may be.

Now how to obviate these evils is the question, and the answer is, in the first place, only to purchase those pianos that are made of thoroughly seasoned wood, and of the best quality of materials generally, for such only are the cheapest pianos, no matter what their first cost may be; and secondly to keep your piano as much from the influence of the hot air of your house furnace as possible, for it injures the best made pianos, and almost renders those of inferior quality useless.

We frequently hear the remark that "our piano stands in tune for a year." Now the truth is, there is not one piano out of a thousand that, with any ordinary use, will stand tunable in tune two months, and not one in five thousand that will remain perfectly in tune for three weeks. True, pianos will stand sufficiently in tune to suit an unskilled musical ear for half a year at times, but no cultivated ear can tolerate the discord that ensues after a month or two's use. Any reflecting individual can readily perceive why this is, when it is considered what materials constitute a piano. The steel wires and iron frames must necessarily alternately expand and contract with the variations of the surrounding atmosphere, and hence a constant movement of the wires and a change in the pitch of their tones; and when one reflects on the immense strain on the body of the instrument, caused by the tension of the strings, equaling the weight of no less than *one hundred thousand pounds*, and upwards, it becomes a matter of no surprise that a piano that will stand perfectly in tune is an instrument that has not yet been made.

Another important thing to be done to preserve a piano in order, is to keep out the moths. Cloth is used in pianos to a considerable extent, being placed wherever there is liability to contact between any of the numerous movable portions of the instrument, in order to avoid the rattling and noises incident to such contact. Of course when this cloth is destroyed by the moths, the noises referred to ensue. Experience has shown that moths generate rapidly where dust is allowed to accumulate, and the best way to keep the pianos free of dust is to use a large feather brush at least once a week.

In reference to the tuning of a piano, it should be generally understood that tuning consists simply in tightening and relaxing the strings to the requisite degree, and does not include a general renovation and repair of the instrument, as many people imagine.

New pianos require tuning once a month, and none should be allowed to go untuned over three, the reason being that the longer an instrument remains untuned the lower its pitch of tone, and consequently the greater the strain made upon the instrument when it is required to be drawn up to "concert pitch," and when it is thus raised in tone a double tuning is necessary, for the first drawing up causes the case to yield gradually, and in a week or two the piano is out of tune.

Some pianos cannot be placed in tune at all, owing to the falseness of the "scale," or mathematical measurement of the division of sounds, by which the single wire is made to give out a double tone. Others again will not remain in tune from the causes above described, the principal one being the looseness of the pins holding the wires in the pin-block.

We think we have now plainly proved to those about to purchase pianos, that those made by reliable and well-known makers, no matter how high their price may be, are in reality the cheapest instruments in the end; and to those possessing pianos, that freedom from the effects of artificial heat, cleanliness in preserving them from moths, and regular tunings, are requisite to keep their instruments in good order for enjoyable use.

OUR TEETH.—It is often said that the teeth of the present generation are much inferior to those who have passed. We wish that some of our many dentists would prove literary enough to give us a dental history. We should be astonished, probably, at the dental evils of other days. Evidences of the use of false teeth by the Romans two thousand years ago, were found among the ruins of Pompeii. Three hundred years ago, Martin Luther complained of toothache, and a German ambassador at the Court of Queen Elizabeth spoke of the weakness and imperfection of the English people's teeth, which he attributed to their custom of eating a great deal of sugar. Shakespeare makes one of his characters speak of being kept awake by a "raging fang." Roger Williams was struck by the imperfect teeth of the Narragansett Indians, whom toothache and decayed teeth troubled exceedingly. George Washington had a set of artificial teeth for which he paid five hundred dollars. Such are a very few facts which come up in our poor memory concerning a somewhat interesting matter. We would like to have many more of them.

☞ A Chattanooga letter says that while the rebels held Lookout Mountain they made sleeping places of flat stones in sheltered places. Some would hold fifteen or twenty persons. In these paved couches huge fires were built. The wood consumed, the coals and ashes were then raked out, and on this warm stony bed the shivering soldiers disposed themselves for sleep.

☞ "What o'clock is it?"—"I don't know, but 'tis only a question of time."

☞ An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

☞ "That's what I call repetition," exclaimed a wag the other day. "What's that, Tom?" said his friend. "Why, look at that sign across the way—J. E. Weller, jeweller."

☞ A SAD MISTAKE.—A singular incident occurred at a wedding in Troy lately. The guests were assembled, and the carriages were awaiting them at the door, when a sexton drove up with a hearse, which he backed down to the gate, alighted and opened, and stood waiting to receive the coffin. He had mistaken the place, and seeing the carriages, supposed it was the funeral instead of a feast. The circumstance cast a gloom over the happy bridal gathering.

☞ Douglas Jerrold calls women's arms "The serpents that winds about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions."

☞ An exchange says—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. The Louisville Journal adds, "And it grows on 'em as they get bigger."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

ROYAL DONATIONS.

The Queen of England has contributed fifty pounds to the fund now in course of collection for the erection of a statue to Edmund Burke, in Dublin.

We wonder if our English cousins have any idea how funny such items as the above read on this side of the ocean? That a Queen—and she a Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and we know not of how many great dependencies—should give—giving at all—the trifling sum of fifty pounds, strikes us republicans as being very unqueenlike. Why, if a wealthy Philadelphia dealer in dry goods or smoked herring gives only that much to a Sanitary Fair, or any other benevolent enterprise, it is considered "rather small-potatoes." And it seems to us that a Queen, if she thinks it worth while to give at all, should do it with a generous hand, and, in one word, "like a Queen."

Of course we mean no disrespect to Queen Victoria, who is greatly esteemed in the United States, both as a woman and a queen. For that matter, we believe the English aristocracy also give generally in the same stinted manner. But really the whole thing has a very curious aspect to American eyes, which like to see some degree of correspondence between a man's income and the amount of his benefactions.

THE COMING COMET.

The German astronomers tell us that in 1865 a great comet will come so near the earth, that it will either consume us or leave its mark behind.

It is a portion of the old Asiatic belief, that the earth will finally be destroyed by a comet, and that then the two great opposing principles of Good and Evil will be reconciled. The philosophers of India, however, wisely fixed no time for this event happening. On the other hand, a majority of modern astronomers, we believe, hold the doctrine that a comet might come in contact with the earth, without the inhabitants of the latter even being aware of it—such is the etherial nature of the substance of which comets are composed. And yet the cometic matter, even though gaseous, might be suffocating and deadly. Besides, it might be of a character that would operate in an inflammatory manner upon our atmosphere; or the mere friction, even of a gas, going at such an inconceivable rate of speed, might be disastrous in the extreme.

On the whole, if it is the same to the coming comet, a large majority of mankind would be just as well satisfied to see it at the usual distance of some tens of millions of miles.

LUNACY.

Dr. Power, the resident physician in the Cork (Ireland) Lunatic Asylum, recommends the Turkish Bath as an efficient agent in the cure of lunacy. He says:—

"After about four months' use of it, I found that seventeen persons had been perfectly cured by it, and sent home to their friends. The cases to which I now allude were a long time in the house, and classified with the incurables. After some months' further experience of its beneficial action, new arrangements were made which enabled me to use it more generally and frequently; and since then from 50 to 80 patients are daily submitted to its influence, many for its remedial action, but the greater number for motives of cleanliness; even these latter are wonderfully improved in appearance by its use, and have acquired the ruddy glow of health, instead of the pale and sickly look of invalids. Of course, out of more than 500 patients in the institutions all were not expected to recover, nor were they all under treatment for the purpose; but the best way of showing the effects of the bath would be by statistics. It was only fair to conclude that if the proportion of cures had been greater since the introduction of the Turkish Bath than before it, this bath must have had some influence in producing that desirable result. I see by my notes that for the year ending March, 1861, the cures were 59 per cent; but for the nine months ending 31st December last, during which period the bath had been in use, the per-centage of cures was 76, that is, 74 had been cured out of 96 entered. That was more than double the number of cures produced in any asylum in England. When the bath was not in being in 1860, the deaths were 48; in the nine months ending 31st December, 1861, eighteen, or at the rate of 24 for the twelve months, i.e. exactly one-half the number. The patients, after the first few baths, all seemed to be much pleased with it, and were afterwards longing for the time when it was to be administered. Those who had suffered a relapse, after having been sent out cured, showed no unwillingness to return to the asylum; and even asked to be taken there at once, in order that they might get the bath, as they considered that nothing else would cure them. I have never seen any ill effects from the bath, except a little nausea and a slight fainting in a few instances; but after a bath or two these effects disappeared. Up to that time I have used it on more than 900 cases, and since March, 1861, 30 idiotic patients have been removed to a higher class, and rendered capable of enjoyment, and of doing work about the establishment. I would recommend the introduction of the Turkish bath into all public institutions, and I am firmly convinced that it has as beneficial an influence on the system as air and exercise."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The *Daily Press*, of this city, says of the May number of our new monthly:—

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The number for May, the fifth of the first volume, is the best yet published. The engravings, on steel and wood, are very superior, and the colored fashion-plate, double size, gives the latest and prettiest Parisian *modes*. The music and letter-press are also equal to any in far more pretentious publications.

The *Portland Transcript* says:—

THE LADY'S FRIEND for May contains a fine picture entitled "The Lovers." This new candidate for public favor seems destined to outstrip its competitors. It has already obtained a large share of patronage, and will yet rank the highest of the $2 monthlies. Back numbers can always be furnished to January. Subscribe for it.

Specimen numbers (postpaid) sent on receipt of 20 cents.

THE ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.—The Spring Exhibition for 1864 is now open at the building in Chestnut street above Tenth. We see it stated that a number of excellent paintings are on the walls. Our readers should not fail to go and see them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. From the Fourth London Edition. Vol. III. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. This history is a fit introduction to Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," as it is designed to end where Gibbon's great work begins. It is clearly and impressively written, and published in excellent style.

THE MANAGEMENT OF STEEL. By GEORGE EDE, employed at the Royal Gun Factories Department, Woolwich Arsenal. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SERMONS preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A. Fifth Series. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE OUTCASTS; OR, THE BRAND OF SOCIETY. By Miss M. E. BRADDON, author of Lady Audley's Secret, &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

FAMILY PRIDE, by the author of "Pique." Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY. For the Year 1863. Second Annual Report. Published by the Commission.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, for April, 1864. Published by Schermerhorn, Bancroft & Co., New York and Phila.

PARLOR THEATRICALS. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price 25 cts.

☞ AN ENGLISH BULL.—Sir Robert Peel, in a recent speech, said: They all saw with satisfaction that the heroic Danish forces had *successfully* resisted the *overwhelming* power of the Prussian arms.

☞ Men who have half-a-dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine men out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and live to the most purpose.

☞ It is said of the Lacedæmonians, who were a poor and homely people, that they offered lean sacrifices to their gods, and that the Athenians, who were a wise and wealthy people, offered fat and costly sacrifices, and yet in their wars, the former had always the mastery of the latter. Whereupon they went to the oracle, to know the reason, why those should speed worst who gave most. The oracle returned this answer:—"That the Lacedæmonians were a people who gave their hearts to their gods; but that the Athenians only gave their gifts to their gods. Thus a heart without a gift, is better than a gift without a heart."

☞ "Pray, Miss Sophy, what are you making?" said a gentleman to a young lady who was at work upon a garment of straight up-and-down description in white cottoo. "Sophy cover, sir," was the demure reply.

THE POETRY OF BELLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ORADON.

Diedrick Meerchaum and I still hold nightly conversations, but no longer by the fire side. We now draw our chairs close to the window, and enjoy the freshness of the April air, the irrepressible "furnace" of my friend always being stuck scientifically in his mouth. I call these *conversations*, but, in truth, they are lectures *excathedra*, for Diedrick scarcely ever vouchsafes a word of interlocution whilst I hold forth on my favorite themes. To-night, as we occupied our usual positions, the sound of a church bell fell on our ears, and gave me the cue of the following discourse:

"Diedrick, there is a vast amount of suggestion in the sounds of a bell—in various trains of thoughts I could treat them poetically, historically, scientifically, and domestically. To night I feel poetic. I shall therefore inquire what authors have recognized the poetic element in bell-metal? I could cite to you, my friend, volumes of passages highly imbued with this feeling, but time will not permit. Here is one, however, in which the very swaying of the bell is shadowed forth, and the peal seems to float along with the rhythm; it is the knell of Hugo of Ferrara:

"'The convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray, square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!'

"But notwithstanding this gem, Byron is not a poet of bells. Let us search farther. It is in Germany that we find the first master of poetic bell-casting—a Schiller moulds his great poem of the Casting of the Bell; but the American pupil excels the Teutonic teacher. It is Longfellow, Diedrick, that I hail as the poet who has preeminently recognized the music which the tintabulation of a bell breathes forth; for every application of the principle which can be made will be found in his poems. We lie with him at the Fleur de Ble in his Carillon—we pause with admiration before his sublime prologue to the Golden Legend—we see the spectral host before Prague disappear as the 'old cathedral bell proclaimed the morning prayer'—we sing with him the 'Song of the Bell' which he has recast from its German mould—we hear the fog-bell which warned too late the skipper of the Hesperus—the anvil of the village blacksmith truly sounds to us 'Like a sexton ringing the village bell, when the evening sun is low'—and with Victorian we say,

"'Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry,
A solemn sound that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer
And all the crowd in village streets stand still
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!'

"Again, how expressive is the line 'But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower,' which is but one of the beautiful verses which the Belfry of Bruges suggested to the poet. The Springfield armory recalls—'The Florentine, who from his palace wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din'—and whilst the Norman Baron dies—

"'Amid the tempest pealing
Sounds of bells come faintly stealing,
Bells that from the neighboring kloster
Rang for the nativity.'

"The child's coral rattle has its 'silver bells;' the clock strikes the hour as he stands on the bridge at midnight; in the cold February eve his feelings respond to the 'funeral bell,' the 'monster bells' summon the feathered protegees of Vogelweid, and in the old mansion the clock on the stair sighs its awful 'Forever—never! never—forever!' We listen to the Curfew as it begins to toll in his almost inspired lines—we laugh at Pegasus in Pound as the 'clamorous bell' breaks upon his hearing—and we sigh as we hear the joy-bells of Baptistes' wedding and think of the sad fate of the blind girl of Castel-Cuille; whilst at merry Christmas 'ring every day the chimes.' In Evangeline we follow to the church the Acadians, as 'with a summons sonorous sounded the bell from its tower,' and we recognize the beauty of that simile which describes the accents of Father Felician—'measured and mournful spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm distinctly the clock strikes,' and we, Philadelphians, reach the climax of our enthusiasm as we read these lines:—

"'Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes
from the belfry of Christ church,
While intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung in the church at Wicaco.'

"There! Diedrick," exclaimed I triumphantly, "does not Longfellow merit the title of the Poet of Bells?"

Diedrick removed his furnace deliberately, and said:

"What do you do with Poe?"

"Edgar A. Poe, Diedrick, was an imitator, not an interpreter of the sound of bells—his poem is indeed 'a triumph of versification,' but 'it is no more, alas, than the hollow sound of brass' Longfellow seems to have studied deeply the changes which are rung from the wide mouth bells, and as one listens to his melodies,

"'He hears or dreams he hears
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing.'"

WOMAN AS AN ADVISER.

Bulwer says, in his recent volume of essays:—

"It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman-friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships I mean pure friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But, supposing the man to be without such helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and a loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, 'certainly beloved by me,' says the Horace of essays, 'with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my being.' Female friendship, indeed, is to a man '*præsidium et dulce decus*'—the bulwark and sweet ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it, all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world."

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

The efforts the Jews have made, and the sufferings, losses, and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of obtaining sepulture in the Valley of Jehoshaphat form a singular feature in human history. No other nation has ever thus struggled, not to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but I confess none of them ever afforded me a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the fountain of Siloam and by the arid bed of Kedron, it suddenly opened on me a perfect mountain of graves—a hill-side paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so small as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies must be buried perpendicularly. At all events, if the multitudes there interred were simultaneously to arise they would form a crowd as dense and compact as it would be enormous. Short Hebrew inscriptions (some evidently of great age) are on all the stones; and these are laid together with intervals only of a few inches, as in our oldest city church-yards. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, to that it is literally one large pavement of death—an appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CAMPBELL AS A MAN.—Bulwer says:—"I remember being told by a personage who was both a very popular writer and a very brilliant converser, that the poet Campbell reminded him of Goldsmith—his conversation was so inferior to his fame. I could not deny it, for I had often met Campbell in general society, and his talk had disappointed me. Three days afterward Campbell asked me to come and sup with him *tete-a tete*. I did so. I went at ten o'clock. I stayed till dawn; and all my recollections of the most sparkling talk I have ever heard in drawing-rooms afford nothing to equal the riotous affluence of wit, of humor, of fancy, of genius, that the great lyrist poured forth in his wondrous monologue. Monologue it was; he had it all to himself.

"If the whole be greater than a part, a whole man must be greater than that part of him which is found in a book."

☞ A Paris physician has been sentenced to imprisonment for one year, fined five hundred francs, and placed under the surveillance of the police for five years, for having divulged the nature of a patient's disease and thus injured his character. He was also condemned to pay one thousand francs damages to his patient.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND.

The following is a thrilling account of the attempt of three boys to descend the Appenfell in Scotland. The boys had obtained leave to go on a walk, but had not mentioned where they were going. The account says:—

The three boys scrambled with all their speed, Walter helping the other two down the vast primeval heap of many-tinted rock-fragments which form the huge summit of Appenfell, and found themselves again on the short slippery grass, hardened with recent frosts, that barely covered the wave-like sweep of the hill-side. Meanwhile the vast dense masses of white cloud gathered below them, resting here and there in the hollows of the mountains like gigantic walls and bastions, and leaning against the abrupter face of the precipice in one great unbroken barrier of opaque, immaculate, impenetrable pearl. As you looked upon it, the chief impression it gave you was one of immense thickness and crushing weight. It seemed so compressed and impermeable, that one could not fancy how even a thunderbolt could shatter it, or the wildest blast of any hurricane dissipate its enormous depth. But as yet it had not enveloped the peaks themselves. On them the sun yet shone, and where the boys stood they were still bathed in the keen yet blue and sunny air, inlanded far up above the noiseless billows of surging cloud.

This was not for long. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the clouds stole upon them—reached out white arms and enfolded them in sudden whirls of thin and smoke-like mist; eddied over their heads and round their feet; swathed them at last as in a funeral pall, blotting from their sight every object save wreaths of dank vapor, rendering wholly uncertain the direction in which they were moving, and giving a sense of doubt and danger to every step they took. Kenrick had only told the master who had given them leave of absence from dinner that they meant to go along walk. He had not mentioned Appenfell, not from any want of straightforwardness, but because they thought that it might sound like a valoglorious attempt, and they did not want to talk about it until they had really accomplished it. But in truth, if they had mentioned this as their destination, no wise master would have given them permission to go, unless they promised to be accompanied by a guide; for the ascent of Appenfell, dangerous even in summer to all but those who well knew the features of the mountain, became in winter a perilous and foolhardy attempt. The boys themselves, when they started on their excursion, had no conception of the amount or extent of the risk they ran. Seeing that the morning gave promise of a bright and clear day, they had never thought of taking into account the possibility of mists and storms.

The position in which they now found themselves was enough to make a stout heart quail. By this time they were hopelessly enveloped in palpable clouds, and could not see the largest objects a yard before them. In fact, even to see each other they had to keep closely side by side; for once, when Kenrick had separated from them for a little distance, it was only by the sound of his shouts that they found him again. After this they crept on in perfect silence, each trying to conceal from the other the terror which lay like frost on his own spirits; unsuccessfully—for the tremulous sound which the quick palpitation of their hearts gave to their breathing showed plainly enough that all three of them recognized the frightfulness of their danger.

Appenfell was one of those mountains, not unfrequent, which is on one side abrupt and bounded by a wall of almost fathomless precipice, and on the other descends to the plain in a cataract of billowy undulations. It had one feature which, although peculiar, is by no means unprecedented. At one point, where the huge rock wall towers up from the ghastly depth of a broad ravine, there is a lateral ridge—not unlike the Mickledore of Scawfell Pikes—running right across the valley, and connecting Appenfell with Bardlyn, another hill of much lower elevation, towards which this ridge runs down with a long but gradual slope. This edge was significantly called the Razor, and it was so narrow that it would barely admit the passage of a single person along its summit. It was occasionally passed by a few shepherds, accustomed from earliest childhood to the hills, but no ordinary traveller ever dreamed of braving its real dangers for, even had the path been broader, the horrible depth of fall on either side was quite sufficient to render crazy the steadiest head, and if a false step were taken, the result, to an absolute certainty, was frightful death. For so nearly perpendicular were the sides of this curious partition, that the narrow valley below, offering no temptation to any one to visit it, had not, within the memory of man, been trodden by any human foot. To add to the horror inspired by the Razor, a shepherd had recently fallen from it in a summer storm; his body had been abandoned as unrecoverable, and the ravens and wild cats had fed upon him. Something—a dim gleam of uncertain white among the rank grass—was yet visible from one point of the ledge, and the bravest mountaineer shuddered when, looking down the gloomy chasm, he recognized in that glimpse the mortal remains of a fellow-man.

"Are you sure that we are on the right path, Walter?" asked Power, trying to speak as cheerfully and indifferently as he could.

"Certain," said Walter, pulling out of his pocket the little brass pocket-compass which had been his invariable companion in his rambles at home, and which he had fortunately brought with him as likely to be useful in the lonely tracts which surrounded St. Winifred's. "The bay lies due west from here, and I'm sure of the *general* direction."

"But I think we're keeping too much to the right, Walter," said Kenrick.

"Look here," said Walter, stopping; "the truth is—and we may just as well be ready for it—that we're between two dangers. On the right is Bardlyn Rift, on the left we have the sides of Appenfell, and no precipices, but—"

"I know what you're thinking of—the old mines."

"Yes; that's why I've been keeping to the right. I think even in this mist we could hardly go over the rift, for I fancy that we could at least discover when we were getting close to it; but there are three or four old mines, we don't know in the least where they lie exactly, and one might stumble over one of the shafts in a minute."

"What in the world shall we do?" said Power, stopping, as he realized the full intensity of peril. "As it is, we can't see where we're going, and very soon we shall have darkness as well as mist. Besides, it's so frightfully cold, now that we are obliged to go slowly."

"Let's stop and consider what we'd best do," said Kenrick? "Walter, what do *you* say?"

"We can only do one of two things. Either go on, and trust to God's mercy to keep us safe, or sit still here and hope that the mist may clear away."

"The last 'll never do," answered Kenrick; "I've seen the mist rest on Appenfell for days and days."

"Besides," said Power, "unless we move on, at all hazards, night will be on us. A December night on Appenfell, without food or extra coverings, and the chance of being kept indefinitely longer—" The sentence ended in a shudder.

"Yes; I don't know what we should look like in the morning," said Kenrick. "Let us move on, at all events; better that than the chance of being frozen and starved to death."

They moved on again a little way through the clouds with uncertain and hesitating steps, when suddenly Walter cried out in an agitated voice,

"Stop! God only knows where we are. I feel by a kind of instinct that we're somewhere near the rift. I don't know what else should make me tremble all over as I am doing; I seem to *hear* the rift somehow. For God's sake, stop. Just let's sit down a minute till I try something."

"But it's now nearly four o'clock," said Kenrick, in a querulous tone, as he halted and pulled out his watch, holding it close to his face to make out the time. "An hour more and all daylight will be gone, and with it all chance of being saved. Surely, we'd better press on. That's *uncertain* danger, but to stop is certain—"

"Certain death," whispered Power.

"Just listen, then, one second," said Walter; and, disembedding a huge piece of stone, he rolled it with all his force to their right, listening with senses acutely sharpened by danger and excitement. The stone bounded once, then they heard in their ears a rush, a shuffling of loose stones and sliding earth, the whirring sound of a heavy falling body, and then for several seconds a succession of distant crashes, startling with fright the rebounding mountain echoes, as the bit of rock whirled over the rift and was shattered into fragments by being dashed against the sides of the precipice.

"Good God!" cried Walter, clutching both the boys and dragging them hurriedly backwards, "we are standing at this moment on the very verge of the chasm. It won't do to go on; every step may be death."

A pause of almost unspeakable horror followed his words; after the fall of the rock had revealed to them how frightful was the peril which they had escaped, all three of them for a moment felt paralyzed in every limb, and after looking close into each other's faces, blanched white by a deadly fear, Kenrick and Power sat down in an agony of despair.

"Don't give way, you fellows," said Walter, to whom they both seemed to look for help; "our only chance is to keep up our hope and spirits. I think that, after all, we must just stay here till the mist clears up. Don't be frightened, Ken," he said; "nothing can happen to us but what God intends."

"But the night," whispered Kenrick, who was most overpowered of the three; "fancy a night spent here! Mist and cold, hunger and dark. Oh, this horrible uncertainty and suspense! Oh, for some light!" he cried, in an agony; I could almost die if we had but light."

"Oh, God, give us light!" murmured Walter, echoing the words, and uttering aloud unconsciously his intense prayer; and then he fell on his knees, and the others, too, hid their faces in their hands as they stood upon the bleak mountain-side, and prayed to Him whom they knew to be near them, though they were there alone, and saw nothing save the ground they knelt upon, and the thick clammy fog moving slowly around and above them in aimless and monotonous change. To their excited imagination that fog seemed like a living thing; it seemed as though it were actuated with a cold and deathful determination, and as though it were peopled by a thousand silent spirits, leaning over them and chilling their hearts as they shrouded them in the gigantic foldings of their ghostly robes.

And soon, as though their passionate prayer had been heard, and an angel had been sent to rend the mist, the wind, rushing up from the ravine, tore for itself a narrow passage, and a gleam of wavering light broke in upon them through the white folds of that deathful curtain, showing them the wall of sunken precipice, and the dark outline of Bardlyn Hill. If this had been a moment in which they could have admired one of Nature's most awfully majestic sights, they would have gazed with enthusiastic joy on the diorama of valley and mountain revealed through this mighty rent in the side of their misty pavilion, filled up by the blue, far-off sky; but at this moment of dominant terror they had no room for any other thoughts but how to save their lives from the danger that surrounded them.

"Light!" cried Walter, springing up eagerly; "thank God! Perhaps the mist is going to clear away." But the hope was fallacious, for in the direction where their path lay all was still dark, and the chilly mist soon closed again, though not so densely, over the wound which the breeze from the chasm below them had momentarily made.

"Did you see that we are *close to the Razor?*" said Walter, who alone of the three maintained his usual courage, because custom had made him more familiar with the danger of the hills. "Now a thought strikes me, Ken and Power. If you like, we'll make an attempt to cross the Razor. The only thing will be not to lose one's footing; one can't *miss* the way, at any rate, and when once we get to Bardlyn, it's as easy to get down to the road which runs round it to St. Winifred's as it is to walk across the school court."

"Cross the Razor?" said Kenrick; "why, none but some few shepherds ever dare to do that."

"True; but what man has done, man can do. I'm certain it's our best chance."

"Not for me;" "or for me," said the other two.

"Well, look here," said Walter; "it would be very dangerous, of course, but while we talk our chance of safety lessens. You two stay here. I'll try the Razor; if I get safe across, I shall reach Bardlyn village in no time, and there I could get some men to come and help you over. Do you mind? I won't leave you if you'd rather not."

"Oh, Walter, Walter, don't run the risk!" said Power; "it's too awful."

"It's lighter than ever on that side," said Walter; "I'm not a bit afraid. I'm certain we could not get safe down the other way, and we should die of exposure if we spent the night here. Remember, we've only had one or two sandwiches apiece. It's the last chance."

"Oh, no; you really shan't, dear Walter. You don't know how terrific the Razor is. I've often heard men say that they wouldn't cross it for a bag of gold," said Power.

"Don't hinder me, Power; I've made up my mind. Good-bye, Power; good-bye, Ken," he said, wringing their hands hard. "If I get safe across the Razor, I shan't be more than an hour and a half, at the very latest, before I stand here with you again bringing help. Good-bye; God bless you both. Pray for me, but don't fear."

So saying, Walter tore himself away from them, and with an awful sinking at heart they saw him pass through the spot where the mist was thinnest, and plant a steady step on the commencement of the Razor path.

ON THE RAZOR.

On the extreme edge
Of Hazard.—*Shakspeare.*

The brave boy knew well that the fate of the others, as well as his own, hung on his coolness and steadiness, and stopping for one moment to see that he would have light enough to make sure of his footing all along the path, he turned round, shouted a few cheery words to his two friends, and stepped boldly on the ledge.

He was accustomed to giddy heights, and his head had never turned as he looked down the cliffs at St. Winifred's, or the valleys at home. But his heart began to beat very fast with the painful sense that every step which he accomplished was dangerous, and that the nerve which would readily have borne him through a brief effort would here have to be sustained for fully twenty minutes, which would be the least possible time in which he could make the transit. The loneliness, too, was frightful; in three minutes he was out of sight of his friends; and to be there without a companion, in the very heart of the mighty mountains, traversing this haunted and terrible path, with not an eye to see him if he should slip and be dashed to atoms, on the unconscious rocks—this thought almost over-mastered him, unmanned him, filled him with a weird sense of indescribable horror. He battled against it with all his might, but it came on him like a foul harpy again and again, sickening his whole soul, making his forehead glisten with the damp dews of anticipated death. At last he came to a stunted willow which had twisted its dry roots into the thin soil, and clinging to the stem of it with both arms, he was forced to stop and close his eyes, and praying for God's help, he summoned together all the faculties of his soul, and buffeted this ghastly intruder away so thoroughly that it did not again return. As a man might shoot a vulture, and look at it lying dead at his feet, so with the arrow of a heartfelt supplication Walter slew the hideous imagination that had been flapping its wings over him; nor did he stir again till he was sure that it had lost its power. And then, opening his eyes, he bore steadily and cautiously on, till of a sudden, in the fast fading sunlight, something glinted white in the valley beneath his feet. In a moment it flashed upon him that this was the unreached skeleton, a thousand feet below, the sight of which imparted a superstitious horror to the Devil's Way, as the peasants called the narrow path along the Razor. Nor was this all; for some rags of the man's dress, torn off by his headlong fall, still fluttered on a stump of black-thorn, not thirty feet below. And now, again, the poor boy's heart quailed with an uncontrollable emotion of physical and mental fear. For a moment he tottered, every nerve was loosened, his legs bent under him, and dropping down on his knees, he clutched the ground with both hands. It was just one of those swift spasms of emotion, on which, in moments of peril, the crisis usually depends. Had Walter's will been weak, or his conscience a guilty one, or his strength feeble, or his body unstrung by ill health, he would have succumbed to the sudden terror, and, fainting first, would the next instant have rolled over the edge to sudden and inevitable death.

All these results were written before him as with fire, as he shut his eyes and clung with tenacious grasp to the earth. But happily his mind was strong, his conscience stainless, his powers vigorous, his body in pure health; and in a few moments, which seemed to him an age, he had recovered his presence of mind by one of those noble efforts which the will is ever ready to make for those who train it right. Before he opened his eyes he had braced himself into a thorough strength, and once more commending himself to God, he rose firm and cool to continue his journey, averting his glance from the spectacle of death which gleamed below.

He found that his best plan was to fix his eyes rigidly on the path, and not suffer them to swerve for a moment to either side. Whenever he did so, the wavering sensation came over him again; but so long as he trod carefully, and never let his eyes wander off the place of his footsteps, he found that he got along securely and even swiftly. He had only one more difficulty with which to contend. In one place the sort of path which the Razor presented was broken and crumbled away, and here Walter's heart again sank despairingly within him, as his attention was suddenly arrested by the additional and unexpected peril. But to turn back was now out of the question, and as it seemed impossible to walk for these few feet, he again knelt down, and crawled steadily along on hands and knees, about the length of two strides, until the path was hard and firm enough for him to proceed as before. The end was now accomplished; in five minutes more he sprang on the broad firm side of Bardlyn Hill, and shouting aloud to relieve his spirits from their tumult of joy and thankfulness, he raced down Bardlyn, gained very quickly the mountain road, and ran at the top of his speed till, just as the sun was setting, he reached the group of cottages which took their name from the hill on which they stood.

Knocking at the first cottage, he inquired for some guide or shepherd who was thoroughly acquainted with all the mountain paths, and was directed to the house of a man named Giles, who had been occupied for years among the neighboring sheep-walks.

Giles listened to his story with open eyes.

"Thee bi'st coom over t' Razor along Devil's Way?" said he in amazement; "then thee bi'st just the plookiest young chap I've seen for many a day."

"We must get back over it, too, to reach them," said Walter.

"Oh, ay; *I* be'ant afear'd of t' Razor; I've crossed him many a time, and I'll take a bit of rope over and help they other chaps. We'll take a lantern, too. Don't you be afear'd, sir, we'll get 'em all right," he said, observing how anxious and excited Walter seemed to be.

"Come, then," said Walter, "quick, quick. I promised to come back to them at once. You shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Tut, tut," said the man, "the pay's naught. Why, I'd come if it were only a dumb sheep in danger, let alone a brace of lads like you."

They set off with a lantern, a rope, and some food, and Giles was delighted at the quick and elastic step of the young mountaineer. The lantern they soon extinguished. It was not needed; for though the sun had now set, a glorious full moon had begun to pour her broad flood of silver radiance over the gloomy hills by the time they had reached Bardlyn Rift.

"There ain't no call for *you* to cross again, sir," said the man; "I'll just go over by myself, and look after the young gentlemen."

"Oh, let me come, I must come," said Walter; "the mist's quite off it now, so that it's just as easy under this moonlight as when I came; and, besides, if you take a coil of the rope in your hand, I'll take hold of the other end."

"Well, you're the right sort, and no mistake," said the man. "God bless you for a brave young heart. And, truth tell, I'll be very glad to have ye with me, for they do say as how poor old Wani's ghost haunts about here, and it 'ud be fearsome at night. I know that there's one as keeps them as has a good conscience, but yet I'll be glad to have ye all the same."

The moonlight flung on every side the mysterious and gigantic shadows of rocks and hills, seeming to glimmer with a ghastly hue as it fell and struggled into the black depths of the untrodden rift; but habit made the Devil's Way seem nothing to the mountain shepherd, and he protected Walter (who twined round his wrist one end of the rope) from the danger of stumbling, as effectually as Walter protected him from all ghostly fears. When they reached the broken piece, the only difference he made was to walk with great caution, and plant his feet deeply into the earth, bidding Walter follow in the traces he made, and supporting him firmly with his hand. They got across in much less time than Walter had occupied in his first passage, and as they reached Appenfell they saw the two boys standing dimly on the verge of the moonlit mist, while all below them the rest of Appenfell was still wrapt, as in some great carecloth, by the snowy folds of seething cloud.

"Good heavens! but who are those?" said Walter, pointing to two shadowy and gigantic figures which also faced them. "Oh, *who* are those?" he asked, wildly, and in such alarm that if the shepherd had not seized him firmly he must have fallen.

"There, there—don't be frighted," said Giles; "those be'ant no ghosts, but they be just our own shadows on the mist. It's a queer thing, but I've seen it often and often on these hills, and some scholards have told me as how that kind of thing be'ant uncommon on mountains."

"What a goose I was to be so horribly frightened!" said Walter; "but I didn't know that there were any spectres of that sort on Appenfell. All right, Giles; go on."

Till Walter and the shepherd had taken their last step from the Devil's Way on to the side of Appenfell, the boys stood watching them in intense silence; but no sooner were they safe, than Power and Kenrick ran up to Walter, poured out their eager thanks, and pressed his hands in all the fervor of affectionate gratitude. They felt that his courage and readiness had, at the risk of his own life, saved them from such a danger as they had never in their lives experienced before. Already they were suffering with hunger and shuddering with the December air, their limbs felt quite benumbed, their teeth were chattering lugubriously, and their faces were blue and pinched with cold. They eagerly devoured the brown bread and potato-cake which the man had brought, and let him and Walter chafe a little life into their shivering bodies. By this time fear was sufficiently removed to enable them to feel some sort of appreciation of the wild beauty of the scene, as the moonlight pierced on their left the flitting scuds of restless mist, and on their right fell softly over Bardlyn Hill, making a weird contrast between the tender brightness of the places where it fell, and the pitchy gloom that hid the depths of the rift, and brooded in those undefined hollows over which the precipices leaned.

With strength and courage reinvigorated, the boys, assisted by Giles, now began their return. We need not dwell anew on the dangers of their hazardous path. Suffice it to say that they did make their way back in safety—and will probably remember, to their dying day, their perilous adventure on the misty Appenfell.

☞ The following stanza, on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Matilda Cheevis, is exceedingly well told and witty:

At length she seized the proffer'd prize,
(A happy one, believe us.)
For matrimony made her Wise—
Before she was Miss Cheevis.

☞ The Scientific American knows a man who does the principal part of his advertising by writing his name and business on the back of bank bills. Perhaps he is not aware that, in case those banks whose notes he thus indorses were to break, he could be held responsible for the face of the note. Courts have so decided in similar cases.

☞ Most lives, though their strength is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along.

☞ Ferdinand Hellmesberger, a German violinist, went mad in consequence of taking a hot bath; but has since recovered.

LATEST NEWS.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The information from the Army of the Potomac, received here to-night, is, that the troops that went to Madison Court-house on Thursday, burned the town to ashes.

A dispatch from St. Louis states that General Steele's army is at Camden, Arkansas. Steele had had several skirmishes with Price, in which the latter was worsted and the former finally succeeded in getting into the fortifications at Camden without opposition.

The rebel loss at Pleasant Hill and Sabine Cross Roads was between 7 000 and 10 000. A small Union fleet had gone up the Ouachita river and a cavalry expedition had been sent out on the north bank of the Red river.

A Newbern, N. C. dispatch of the 24th ult. confirms the capture of Plymouth, including Gen. Wessells and his command. The rebel dead in the streets number about 1,700.

The Newbern Times of the 27th reports that the rebels are leaving North Carolina and are going towards Richmond.

The steamer Europa, with European dates to the 17th ult., arrived at Halifax on Saturday. Maximilian and his wife were expected in Rome on the 19th, and would set out for Mexico on the following day. The siege of Dappel was steadily progressing. The Conference was to hold its first meeting in London on the 20th inst. The German Diet was to send a representative. It was stated that the pirate Florida was in a Spanish port.

☞ THE PRESIDENT A "PRETTY" MAN.—A writer from the Red River expedition, dating from Alexandria, and who by the way states that they found the country well supplied with corn, beef and sugar, and filled with cotton enough to drive every speculator crazy, says that the negroes swarmed to meet them, and one old man said, "Bress God, won't you drive away them rebs though! I say, master, is Mr. Linkum in that crowd? tought perhaps he mought be." An officer showed the eager questioner a portrait of Mr. Lincoln as delineated on the mighty greenback, and the delighted negro said, "Way, golly, isn't he a *pretty* man!" The writer adds that this was the first remark of the kind he ever heard or heard of.

☞ TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—Printers sometimes make mistakes which rather mystify an author's meaning. We find the following erratum in a provincial paper—"In the sixth line, for 'enjoying more indulgence than usually falls to the lot of horses,' read 'than usually falls to the lot of her sex.'"

☞ Conceit is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him.

☞ DRINK WATER.—From water Venus was born. It is the mother of beauty, the girdle of earth, and the marriage of nations.

☞ All the blows we strike should be for a purpose. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe.

☞ The Rev. Charles Kingsley, the extoller of the east wind, has gone off to Spain to avoid the visitation! This is almost as bad as Dr. Cumming's prediction, in 1861, that the millennium would inevitably arrive in 1868; but nevertheless taking the lease of a house for a term of fourteen years.

☞ In science, read, by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and redecorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas.—*Bulwer.*

☞ The poet should describe, as the painter sketches Irish peasant girls and Danish fish-wives, adding the beauty and leaving out the dirt.

☞ How the moon's fair, pale light and all its magic pass away when it is brought near by the telescope, as when the future becomes the present.

☞ Some men are kinder to the occupants of their kennels than to their families. They will treat wife and children like dogs, but not dogs themselves so.

☞ The Consistory of Geneva have denied to the Association of Pastors the use of the churches for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Calvin, because he put to death the opponent of the doctrine of the Trinity.

☞ Boarders will be interested to learn that sawdust is considered the finest kind of board. Recourse may yet be had to that form of nutrition, if the price of provisions is much more inflated.

☞ Grace Greenwood, in her late lecture, said that Gen. Sickles, since he lost a leg in the defence of his country, has stood on a better footing than he did before.

☞ DR. WINDSHIP NOT OUTDONE.—There is no truth in the report that a Mr. Charles W. Barber recently lifted in a mill in Dunkirk, N. Y., a weight of 2 840 pounds. The owner of the mill in a letter to a gentleman of that city, contradicts the statement *in toto.*

☞ All lecturers, all professors, all schoolmasters have ruts and grooves in their minds into which their conversation and their thoughts are perpetually sliding.

☞ A colored preacher within our lines recently felt constrained to preach against the extortions of the sutlers from which his flock had suffered. After much deliberation, he announced his text as follows:—"Now de serpent was more *sutler* than any beast of the field which de Lord God had made." It is needless to say that his deductions were not particularly complimentary to the sutlers.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE JAMES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

In sooth it was a bloody sight
As ever man did see;
Day after day, night after night,
We met the enemy.
Beneath midsummer's hottest rays,
For seven weary nights and days
We fought the enemy.

Ah! many a valiant hero fell
In blood on that retreat;
Back from the rebel citadel
With slow, reluctant feet,
We sadly marched, devoid of fear,
For Heintzelman was in the rear
To cover the retreat.

And gallant Hooker and McCall,
With the brave hearts they led,
On flank and rear, a flaming wall,
Cemented by the dead;
Where'er the rebel shot and shell
In hail of fire thickest fell,
There heroes boldly led.

While backward far the column went
With massive tread and slow,
In the front rank our regiment
Stood fighting with the foe,
Till many a gallant fellow reeled
Amid the thunder of the field,
And dropped in death below.

Ah me! that long and dreadful strife!
A moment's rest to gain,
We'd fling our weary weight of life
On the blood-sodden plain,
Snatch one brief, fleeting dream of home,
Then waken to the cannon's boom
And to the fight again.

Seven weary nights we backward fell,
Seven weary days we fought;
We did our duty long and well,
Though fired with the thought
Of turning thus in base retreat
From the land our onward-pressing feet
With crimson coin had bought.

Day after day, day after day,
Ah! when would cease that strife?
Men dropped and on the cold ground lay
In bitter scorn of life;
Or turned,—in hot disdain to fly,—
Upon the battle field to die,
With slaughter now so rife.

And still, as through the dusky night
We dragged our wasted frames,
Before us bent our straining eyes
Dull with the battle flames,
Like wrecked men struggling to the shore,
To catch in the dim void before
The first sight of the James.

At last! at last! one morning beams;
That fearful march is done;
We see afar the silver gleams
Of water in the sun,
And the white line of sails, whose ranks
Between the river's verdant banks
In shining columns run.

"The James! the James!" from every tongue
The joyful echo spread;
From rank to rank it swiftly rung;
With eager haste we sped,—
Forgot the horrors of the fray,
Forgot where on the rent field lay
The red heaps of the dead.

With trembling clasp, with warm embrace,
We hailed that sad march o'er,
Tears ran down many a bearded face,
That ne'er felt tears before;
While still upon our deadened ear
At intervals came from the rear
The cannon's sullen roar.

'Tis past, 'tis past,—and yet to read
That dreadful list of names,
And of the days I saw them bleed
In freedom's cause and fame's,
In fancy they return to me,
And with its thrill of ecstacy,
That first sight of the James.

THE WEDDING-DAY WISH.

INTRODUCTION.

In a brilliantly lighted drawing-room of one of the best houses, in the very best quarter of Vienna, sat the old Count Von Bountzstellen and the once pretty French Marchioness de la B———. They had been young lovers, and were now old friends. The Count had adored the rising and the setting sun of the Marchioness's beauty, and love, with clipped wings, had gradually settled down into a friendship of the most calm and respectable description.

They were, indeed, a well-assorted pair, for the Count's strongest point being his conversational power, and that of the Marchioness her power of endurance as a listener, their evenings passed away pleasantly enough.

Indeed, the Count's knowledge of everything that had or had not happened in Germany for the last fifty years was almost miraculous, and although I do not mean to cast any doubt on his veracity, he was certainly the greatest story-teller in all Vienna.

Now, as what the Count said to the Marchioness, and what the Marchioness said to the Count will best serve to introduce the real hero of my little story, I may as well narrate it immediately.

"I NEVER can believe it," said the Marchioness de la B———.

"It's as true," said the Count Von Bountzstellen, "as that I love you more dearly than fortune, than fame."

"And than truth, you odious man," interrupted the Marchioness (smilingly rapping her old admirer's knuckles with her fan), "for, as I said before, I never can credit so marvellous a tale."

"Well, I allow that it happened many, many years ago, but of the facts, as I have heard them, I entertain no doubt; indeed, the hero was a sort of distant relation of mine; but perhaps, you will allow me to tell you the entire story, as I have heard it myself from old Heinke, the burgomaster of Goitzberg."

"Oh, by all means, Count. Pray do! but, tell me, is there any love in it?"

"Love, madam! Why, in good truth, *Love* was the cause of it all; but you shall hear."

CHAPTER I.

It was a dark and tempestuous night in the November of 1662, and the wind howled frightfully about the casement of a melancholy-looking chamber on the topmost story of a singularly tall, narrow, and dilapidated dwelling standing at the corner of the Market-place of the little town of Goitzberg, which, as every traveller knows, lies at the foot of the lofty chain of the Hartz Mountains.

Midnight was fast approaching, and the light of a solitary lamp glimmered and flickered, and cast ugly shadows, sometimes on the walls, and sometimes on the person of the sole occupant of the apartment, the hapless student Spitzbuben, who sat therein, in an attitude of the most determined melancholy; that is to say, he had his legs forced tightly into his boots, his chin firmly planted on his breast, and his hands thrust into the extreme recesses of his pockets!

But, alas! an empty pocket only the more reminded him of his misfortunes; and it was with a feeling akin to despair that he muttered between his teeth something like the following soliloquy:—

"What in the foul fiend's name could have induced my uncle to leave this world in such a confounded hurry? He was always such a careful, methodical old screw till the day of his death, and everybody thought, everybody said, nay, everybody knew, that he must have hoarded up somewhere, for my benefit, a most amazing fortune. When, lo! at five minutes' notice, forsooth, he departs, without the shadow of a will, leaving me sole heir to nothing but the miserable furniture of this most miserable garret, whilst I, upon the strength of this precious inheritance, have let that prince of swindlers, Captain Schwartz, clean me out of all, ay, more than all I ever possessed; but," said Hans (speaking aloud as he warmed with the subject)—"Let the Black Fiend get me out of it say I; for, may the devil take me!—"

"Hush!" said a voice at his elbow that sent his marrow down to freezing point. "Hush, Hans! *one at a time*, if you please."

At the same moment an odor of the most decidedly sulphurous and unpleasant description (somewhat like that of a railway train when they first put on the brake) diffused itself around, and before he had entirely recovered from its effects, a shape of ghastly horrors stood before him.

I shall not shock your delicate susceptibilities, my dear Marchioness, by describing it.

"Oh pray do, Count. I should like to know what the Fiend of the Hartzwald was like."

"Confound the woman!" muttered the Count. Well then, madam, you must take this as a sort of sketch of him. In the first place, it would have been difficult to paint him blacker than he was in reality, and his eyes—yes! let me see! his eyes—were on the revolving principle, sometimes green, then red, then deadly white, then red again, which gave his countenance rather an unprepossessing character.

As for his teeth, imagine something between a shark and a handsaw, and a mouth looking as if it might have just crunched up one baby and was ready for another.—His dress!

"Ah! that's a dear Count—do tell me exactly how he was dressed."

Well, something like a wild Jager of the Hartz—*long boots, short cloak, leathern belt*, and a singularly flat cap and feather, from under which peeped forth two of the sharpest and most polished little horns that imagination can conceive; and to give him a finish, he carried his tail curled three times round his body, with the end of it dangling from under his left arm in the most easy and *degage* style possible as he spoke these words:—

"Hans Spitzbuben, you have called upon my name! I am here!"

Now, Hans was usually rather a devil-may-care sort of a fellow, and he started from his chair to deny it; but the eyes of his visitor were rather too much for his nerves, and he fell back again, half senseless, as the Fiend proceeded:—

"Yes, Hans, you called upon me first, and then upon my master, but, as you gave me the preference, here I am! Now, listen, but speak not!

"You love Grettchen, the daughter of that old usurer, the Notary Schlosstein—you love her distractedly, but despairingly, for her father is rich, and you are worth somewhat less than nought; besides this, the last bill you gave to Captain Schwartz is already in the notary's hands, and to-morrow you become the inmate of a gaol."

"It's all true, too true," groaned Spitzbuben; "but, in Heaven's name, I want assistance, and not a catalogue of my misfortunes."

As the student mentioned the name of Heaven, a shudder passed through the whole frame of the Fiend, so that even the tip of his tail quivered with strong emotion; but Hans unluckily remarked it not, as with a voice of suppressed anger the Tempter proceeded:—

"Little assistance do you deserve at my hands, for you have just pronounced a word that does not agree with my constitution, and I give you at once fair warning, that if you repeat the offence, I shall leave you to your fate for ever.

"Now raise the hearthstone at your feet; you will do it easily by pressing down an iron spring that lies concealed between two stones in the wall, even where I now place my hand."

Hans rushed to the wall and eagerly pressed his fingers upon the spring, but he could not repress a cry of pain, for the iron that the Fiend had just touched was nearly red-hot. Nevertheless the hearthstone slipped aside, and he forgot the pain in astonishment at what he beheld, for there were at least fifty bags brimful of gold pieces, and besides that, a parchment deed closely written in a very legal sort of hand—that is to say, nearly illegible.

"First of all," said the Fiend, "read that document?"

Hans with difficulty obeyed, but what was his bewilderment to find a regular deed of acknowledgment from the Notary to his deceased uncle for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, deposited with him at interest.

"Now," said the Tempter, "when the Notary Schloestein presents his little bill to-morrow, unfold this attested deed before him, and my word upon it, before a month passes over, the pretty Grettchen will become your loving and affectionate wife, as the price of its cancellation."

"And is all this treasure mine?" cried Spitzbuben. "Oh, Hea—"

"What! again?" said the Fiend; and straightway unwinding his tail from his body with the rapidity of lightning, he gave poor Hans two such tremendous lashes over his right and left shoulder, that there remained a sort of devil's cross or pair of indelible black braces on his back, which I am told no washing could afterwards rub out.

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" roared the victim, now falling upon his knees.

"It was but half pronounced," said the Evil One, "but beware of the next offence. Know, then, that the whole of this treasure may be thine, but upon one condition. You must win it!"

"Win it!" cried Hans; "but how?"

"The simplest thing in the world: we will play at cribbage for it!"

Now Hans recollected that, when he was at Gottingen in years gone by, he had been taught this very game by a rollicking English student, and to such good purpose that it was imagined by many, and specially by himself, that the Fiend himself was no match for him.

"But I have no board," said he.

"I have," said the Fiend.

So saying, he placed upon the table a cribbage-board of most enormous dimensions, the like of which Hans had never set eyes upon before; but the more he looked at it, the less he liked it; the ornaments were not at all in good taste—the divisions being formed of leg and thigh bones, and the holes strongly resembling the eye sockets of a skull. In short, he finished by disliking it altogether, and turned somewhat pallish and repentant of the whole affair.

"Idiot!" said the Fiend, who read his thoughts, "do you waver now? Think of the lovely Grettchen wedded to another. Your accomplished friend, Capt. Schwartz, may succeed in laying out your own money in a matrimonial arrangement with the old usurer. And what do you wager against these riches? Have I asked you to stake anything? Ah! I am too good. Quick, quick, or I change my mind."

Now Hans could not help seeing that these words were true enough, and that he really could run no great risk, if he staked nothing at all on the game; so down he sat.

"But we have no pegs," said he.

"Excuse me," said his companion, "*I* have;" upon which, gracefully extracting one of his horns from his forehead, he placed it in the spare hole or socket of the board, and then politely handed the other to Spitzbuben.

"With good players one peg is sufficient. Produce the cards."

Hans did so, and won the deal; and a flourishing hand and crib he had.

But when it came to his opponent's turn—

"Stop, stop!" cried Hans; "there's something wrong here. I'll take my oath that two of my best cards have vanished, and those which I put out have got back into my hand again."

"Come, come, Master Hans, no attempt at cheating," said the Fiend, and his eyes glowered fearfully as he spoke; "either discontinue the game, or cut the cards and play on."

Our hero felt cowed by the fierce bearing of his adversary—hesitated—but obeyed, and a 5 was turned up. Hans had a good hand, and played, as he thought, consummately well; at last, throwing down his cards—

"I am out—out!" he cried exultingly.

"*All but* one hole," said the sable one. And sure enough Hans *had* miscalculated, for his opponent, showing 8 fives and a knave of the suit turned up, scored 29, and won the game exactly by a single point.

The hearthstone closed up with a noise like thunder, the board disappeared, and as the Demon tranquilly replaced his horn in his forehead—

"You've lost, my good friend!" sneered he. "I am really sorry for you—farewell!"

"Oh, help me, help me!" sobbed Spitzbuben. "The gold! the gold!—"

"Is still yours on one condition!"

"Mercy, oh, mercy!—but name it, if it be anything but my precious soul!"

"Your precious soul, indeed!" Bah! My condition is simply this, that you permit me *to grant you your first wish upon your wedding day.*"

The Fiend's but a shallow Fiend, after all, thought Hans.

"I agree to the terms," said he aloud.

No sooner had the words passed from his lips, than the hearth flew open, the treasure again appeared, but the ghastly vision was no longer to be seen, and Hans sat once more alone, not, however, as before, a crushed and desponding spirit, but wildly exulting in his present good fortune, and intoxicated with thoughts of happiness to come!

CHAPTER II.

Happiness, like gold, usually contains a certain portion of alloy, and it is not, therefore to be wondered at, if the felicity of Hans Spitzbuben *was* occasionally disturbed by reflections of rather a dispiriting description.

First of all, he knew full well, though he had never owned it to his most intimate acquaintances, that he was thirty-five years of age, or thereabouts, and Grettchen was, alas, but sixteen! and he could not help suspecting that although Grettchen was not at all too young for him, he might possibly be a trifle too old for Grettchen; and thereupon he began to ponder whether, in years to come, a buxom young wife of thirty might infallibly love a husband of fifty quite as well as—as—as—besides, the wedding wish rather perplexed and annoyed him. He felt that he would rather give up such an advantage. He might make some confounded mistake in the matter.

"Hang the wish," said Hans; "but there is one way at least to escape it, and if I wish for anything on that day, may I be—" and here he had nearly brought out some form of speech of a rather powerful nature, but that he thought he heard a sort of sniggering laugh all around him, which luckily stopped him in good time.

Well, to go on with my story, everything fell out exactly as the Black Fiend of the Hartzwald had predicted. The notary nearly threw a somersault when the fatal bond was produced, and made no objection to exchange his daughter for this terrible proof of his rascality. For once, too, the course of true love meandered on fairly and smoothly enough, for Grettchen really loved her suitor Hans, who, by-the-by, I forgot to mention, was in good truth a personable fellow enough, and just the sort of man to captivate the affections and dazzle the romance of a young and confiding maiden of sixteen; for, besides a dashing figure and a handsome face, he rejoiced in a curling pair of jet-black mustaches, and a beard that—that—suffice it to say, was the envy of all the town; so that he fairly took little Grettchen by storm, and the wedding-day was fixed precisely one month after the Black Fiend's visit to Hans' solitary chamber; the said chamber being speedily exchanged for a splendid mansion in the best quarter of the town, for Hans was now very rich, and, of course, was very much respected.

Well, it was a joyous day to be sure; but as the happy couple walked from the church door, Grettchen could not help observing that a slight shade of melancholy dwelt upon the features of her handsome husband.

"My darling Spitz," said she, affectionately, "surely nothing now should damp our happiness, and yet methinks, dearest, some trace of care seems to linger even in your kindest look."

"Ah!" said Hans, with a sigh that might have agitated a windmill; "is not love like life, but fleeting, as the poet says?"

"Who cares about poets?" quoth Grettchen. "True love endureth forever!"

"True, Grettchen," said Hans, "and truly do you love me now; but in future years, when *you* are still young, and I am so no longer, will you still love me then as you do now?"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Grettchen, with a roguish smile, "what stuff and nonsense you are talking, Hans. Why, I vow and declare that, to me, you *seem to grow younger every day.*"

"*Ah, I wish I did!*" said Hans.

"*Granted,*" muttered a voice at his elbow, and at the same time a hollow unearthly laugh rang in his ears; in fact, it was not altogether a laugh, there was something like a shudder mixed with it: so that Hans shuddered too, and felt so faint that he literally leant for support on his bride, who, dear little affectionate creature, exerted herself to the utmost to recover him, attributing his sudden indisposition to the awful nature of the ceremony he had had just gone through, which sometimes is known to effect the stern nerves of the male sex more than it does the elastic sensibilities of the gentler portion of creation.

"Well! bless my soul," said the Marchioness, "what on earth had the man to complain of? Pray, Count, does any one know the address of that politest of all demons?"

"I dare say there are very few ladies now-a-days who would faint at the granting of such a wish," said the Count, "but wait the result, madam."

The agent of the Evil One knew full well what he was about, as you soon shall hear. True it was that everything went on swimmingly at first, for Hans did indeed grow younger every day—to the great astonishment of the entire population of Goitzberg But, alas! Grettchen grew older at the same time; and when he had grown *down*, and she had grown *up*, to the age of twenty-five, Hans was beginning to forget the first tender-loving attachment of his good little wife, and having dug up the whole of the wild oats that he had sown when he was young before, what with gambling, drinking, smoking, and, I am sorry to say, far worse than all this, a sad, sad life he began to lead poor Grettchen.

"Oh, the villain!" said the Marchioness.

Well, a course of dissipation cannot last forever, though for a time Hans Spitzbuben thought he had outwitted the Fiend in good earnest, and so, in truth, at first sight, it appeared. But if the ways of Heaven are mysterious, the designs of Satan are absolutely unfathomable; and it was only after some miserable years of vice and debauchery, that Hans discovered he had again miscalculated, as he had on a former occasion in his first encounter with the Tempter; and his silly triumph changed rapidly to despair, as, enfeebled in health, shattered in intellect, damaged in reputation, and distracted by remorse, he began to loath the wretched future to which his fatal compact must consign him.

It would be too painful to dwell year by year upon his agonies of regret, as repentance shadowed out to him, as in a mirror, the image of what was still to come. But the fact was, that by the time Grettchen had lived on to be a fine, healthy, and engaging woman of thirty-five, Hans had gradually dwindled down to an awkward, long-shanked hobbledehoy of fifteen. All his manly beauty had faded away; his fine flowing beard had long since disappeared; his mustaches had crumbled off; his whiskers had evaporated; his voice suddenly jumped up an octave!

"Oh! my goodness gracious!" said the Marchioness.

"Ah! you may say so, indeed," said the Count; "but this was nothing to what happened afterwards. All Germany was in an uproar about it."

It was in vain that the most eminent physicians were called in; Hans baffled them all. The whole faculty had hitherto been engaged in preventing people from growing older, but to stop the progress of a patient that did nothing but grow younger every day, was clean beyond their skill.

It was a *lusus naturæ*—a case *extra artem medicam*, and, as old Dr. Slaukenfuzel acutely observed, it was impossible to put nature on its legs, when it was positively determined to walk upon its head.

Well, as I observed before, the Fiend knew what he was about, if the doctors did not.

"But pray," interrupted the Marchioness, "how did Grettchen support this remarkable dispensation?"

Oh! much better than her unfortunate husband deserved. She began to consider herself as a widow; imagined Hans was in someway or other his own child, and began to love him over again, because he was so like his father.

She had once been an affectionate wife; she now became an equally affectionate mother; and lucky it was for Hans that she was so kindly disposed, for from this time to the tenth year of his apparent age, he rapidly sank through the graduating scale of a boy's affection for marbles, peg-tops, hoops, lollypops, and ciecampane.

There was no saying after this period how rapidly his person diminished, and his clothes grew too big, as he again sank downwards from the boy to the child, when, just as poor Grettchen began to think—"But I don't know, madam, whether I ought to go on."

"And I, Count, cannot understand why you should stop."

Well, madam, I was only going to observe, that just as poor Grettchen began to think that the milk of human kindness with which she had hitherto supported him, might not be nourishing enough for his constitution, and had actually cast her eyes upon a fine healthy young person, an event took place which relieved her from any further anxiety on this score, for suddenly—unexpectedly—in the second year of his second childhood, and on the very anniversary of his first interview with the Black Fiend of the Hartzwald, Hans Spitzbuben died of the measles.

"Well," said the Marchioness, "I told you at first that I did not believe a word of it."

"And now, I assure you again, madam, that it's true—as true as—"

But the reader must not be detained while the Count finds his simile; and when he is informed that the skeleton of Hans is still to be seen in a glass case at the Museum of Goitzburg, with a certificate of the Burgomaster attesting the truth of the story, no reasonable doubt can, or ought, to remain in the mind of any one. F. L. S.

THE USE OF RAW MEAT.

I do not know, says Dr. Kane, that my journal anywhere mentions our habituation to raw meats, nor does it dwell upon their adaptation to scorbutic disease. Our journeys have taught us the wisdom of the Esquimaux appetite, and there are few among us who do not relish a slice of raw blubber, or a chunk of frozen walrus beef. The liver of a walrus, (awuktanuk) eaten with little slices of his fat—for a variety, is a delicious morsel. Fire would ruin the curt, pithy expression of vitality which belongs to its uncooked juices. Charles Lamb's roast pig was nothing to awuktanuk. I wonder that raw beef is not eaten at home. Deprived of extraneous fibre, it is neither indigestible, nor difficult to masticate. With acids and condiments, it makes a salad which an educated palate cannot help relishing, and as a powerful and condensed heat-making, anti-scorbutic food, it has no rival. I make this last broad assertion, after carefully testing its truth.

The natives of South Greenland prepare themselves for a long journey in the cold, by a course of frozen seal. At Upernivak they do the same with the narwhal, which is thought more heat-making than the seal, while the bear, to use their own expression, is "stronger travel than all." In Smith's Sound, where the use of raw meat seems almost inevitable from the mode of living of the people, walrus holds the first rank. Certainly this pachyderm, whose finely condensed tissue and delicately permeating fat—oh! call it not blubber—assimilate it to the ox, is beyond all others, and is the very best food a man can swallow.

HINTS FOR FAIRS.—Bonbons and dried fruits in boxes usually sell well, and I have found that a very favorite amusement is "the wedding-cake," as it is termed, which is arranged in the following way. A piece of card-board is made into the shape of a large wedding cake, an opening being left in the top. It is then covered with sugar icing in the same manner as a real cake. The inside is filled with small articles, such as little pincushions, pen-wipers, packets of sugar-plums, &c.; and the opening is covered by an image of Cupid. The company, as they come up, are invited to take their chance of the gifts which Cupid may have in store for them, and each having paid his or her sixpence or shilling, as the case may be, the little gentleman is removed, and the hand is plunged into the cake, much merriment being occasioned by the sight of the pretty things brought out. Another amusing arrangement, particularly to the juvenile portion of the assembly, is, "the bran-tub." A cask or tub is filled with bran, and a great number of penny toys and inexpensive articles are buried in it. Upon payment of fourpence each a search amongst the bran commences, and the fortunate youngster who secures the most valuable prize is much envied by his companions.

ARY SCHAEFFER'S PICTURE "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR."—He brought home a picture which had strongly touched his religious sensibilities. This was Dupont's engraving of Ary Schaeffer's "Christus Consolator," which he had recently bought, and left to be mounted and framed. The engraving first caught his eye, as he told me, in the window of a German shop in Broadway, and he then gazed at it until the tears gathered in his eyes, without knowing whose it was. Finding it was from Schaeffer, he went in at once and bought it, and ordered it to be framed. After tea he took mallet and chisel, and proceeded to unbox it. It was indeed an exquisite thing, full of the deepest sentiment; and, as Mr. Irving continued to look at it, the tears started again to his eyes. He thought he had never seen anything half so affecting—"there was nothing superior to it in the world of art;" then he burst out into an expression of regret at not having seen more of Schaeffer.—"*Life of Washington Irving," by his Nephew.*

☞ A "Brown's Society" exists in Glasgow. It was established nearly one hundred years ago. Only persons or relatives of persons bearing the name of Brown are admitted. Each member contributes a certain sum for the purpose of raising a fund to be applied toward the relief of indigent persons of the name of Brown, and others connected with persons of that name.

☞ The man who put up a stove-pipe without any profanity has been found, and a company have secured him for exhibition in the principal cities. He will draw better than the pipe.

THEN AND NOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY WM. W. WALKER.

How long since my footsteps sought
A lonely bower by the stream?
How long? alas, the years have gone,
And left their memory as a dream.

A dream!—'twas not of life's wild storm,
When by its banks I loved to roam;
And from its purling waters bright,
Take pebbles to my childhood's home.

How long ago I gathered moss
Out of the green and shady dell?
Or by the rippling waters roved
As fancy wove her magic spell.

It was a dream—a dream of joys
In future days—days yet to come:—
But now a mocking sunbeam bright,
Still lures me back to childhood's home!

'Twas then the purling waves were bright—
'Tis now the waters o'er me flow!—
'Twas then the zephyre fanned my cheek—
'Tis now that storms and tempests blow.

Not now, 'twas then I loved to rove—
Not then, 'tis now life's storm is dark—
Not then I heard the tempest roar—
'Tis now the billows toss my barque!

Is all that's left a pleasing dream?
Ah, no, 'tis not a vision bright—
But here and there a rifted cloud,
Gives now and then a ray of light!

Cass Co., Illinois.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PROCESSION.

At the time of which I write, a dweller in the midlands who wanted to go to town, did not drive down to the nearest railway station, to be transported from thence by the fiery dragon to his destination. Railways had been long heard of, and indeed there was one within twenty miles of Fairburn, which we should now call a tramway only, for engine it had none. Locomotives were the subject of debate in scientific circles, and of scorn among the rest of the community. A journey such as that my tutor and myself were about to undertake, is scarcely to be understood by readers of the present generation. Not only did it consume an amount of time which would now suffice for six times the distance, but it was surrounded by difficulties and dangers that have now no existence whatever—"extinct Satans," as a writer calls them, who is now scarcely held to be "modern," but who at that time had never written a line. The coach for which *Mr. Long* had thought it advisable not to wait, had met in its time with a thousand-and-one strange casualties, and the guard was a very Scheherazade at relating them. The *Highflyer* had come to dreadful grief in racing with an empty stomach, but many "outsides," against its rival, the *Rapid*, which traversed a portion of the same road. It had often to open both its doors, to let the water through, in crossing Crittenden Ford, by neglect of which precaution upon one occasion, four "insides" had the misfortune to be suffocated. It had been dug out of snow-drifts a hundred times, and now and then it had *not* been dug out, and the passengers had been frost-bitten. In winter, it was usual enough for them to spend a day or two perforce at some country inn, because the roads were "not open." The *Highflyer* had once been attacked by a tiger (out of a travelling caravan,) which killed the off-leader; but this was an exceptional adventure. It was attacked by highwaymen at least once a year, but in this respect was considered to be rather a fortunate coach. Only a few weeks previously, there had been found by the reapers, in one of Farmer Arable's wheat-fields, mail-bags with letters containing many thousand pounds in drafts and bills, which had been taken by gentlemen of the road from the custody of the guard of the *Highflyer*, in the early summer. These persons had gone into the standing wheat to divide their booty, and left there, what was to them unavailable property, or too difficult to negotiate.

In the two trips I had already taken to the metropolis, I had gone by this curious conveyance, of which all Fairburn had something to say; but I was now to journey even more gloriously still: so thoroughly had Mr. Long got to be convinced that some immediate danger was imminent to Marmaduke at the hands of his uncle, that he could not bear the least unnecessary delay in giving him warning. We posted with four horses, and generally at full gallop. I agree with the Great Lexicographer in thinking that sensation very pleasurable indeed. The express-train, it is true, goes five times as fast, but you do not feel that there is any credit due to the steam-horse for that; you take it as a matter of course, and would do so, no matter what exertions it should make for you, short of bursting. But when you heard the ring of the sixteen hoofs upon the iron road, and the sharp crack of the whips in the frosty air, or leaned out of the window for a moment, and beheld the good steeds smoking in your behalf, you said to yourself, or to your companion, if you had one: "This is wonderful fine travelling." Perhaps you contrasted such great speed with that attained by the Exeter flying-coaches in your ancestors' time, and smiled with contemptuous pity at their five miles an hour, stoppages excluded. The trees and hedges flew by you then and gave an idea of velocity, such as the telegraph-posts, seen vanishing thin out of the window of a railway carriage, fail to convey; while, when you stopped for new cattle, the hurry and bustle attendant on the order, "Horses on," helped to strengthen the belief in your own fast travelling. Still, after the first few hours, even the enjoyments of a post-chaise-and-four begin to pall; and long before we had approached our destination, I was cramped, and chilled, and tired enough. It was growing dark too, so that there was little to be seen without, and we had passed those dangerous parts of the road where expectations of possible highwaymen had afforded me some excitement. I was dozing dreamily, unconscious that the light of London was flaring like a dusky dawn in front of us, and that indeed we had already entered its then limits upon the north-east, when I was roughly roused by the sudden stoppage of the carriage, accompanied by wild cries, and a glare of lurid flame. Mr. Long had put down the window, and was leaning out of it. There was a dense fog, and gas had not yet been established in that part of London; but a vast assemblage of people were streaming slowly past us, and many of them had torches in their hands. They took no notice of us whatever, but yelled and shouted, and every now and then cast glances behind them at some approaching spectacle, which seemed to be about to overtake us. Presently, we beheld this ourselves. First came a great number of constables, marching twenty abreast, and clearing all before them with large staves; then a body of the mounted patrol—a corps then but newly formed, and which, although now well-nigh extinct, was destined in its time to do good service; then more constables; then a vast quantity of horsemen, armed and unarmed, and lastly this: Extended on an inclined platform, built to a considerable height upon an open cart, was the body of a dead man; it was attired in blue trowsers, and with a white and blue striped waistcoat, but without a coat. On the left side of him was a huge mallet, and on the right a ripping chisel.

"Great Heaven! what is this?" inquired Mr. Long of one of the mounted constables.

"Oh, it's him, sir, sure enough; we've got him at last," returned the officer.

"Him? Who?" cried I, half stupified with fatigue and horror. "Have they found Sir Massingberd?"

No, it was not Sir Massingberd. The face which was now being slowly carried past us was wicked and stern enough, but it was not *his* face. The skin was black, the eyes were projecting; it was plain that the poor wretch had been strangled. The excitement of those who caught sight of it was hideous to witness; they cursed and hissed in hate and fury, and battled to get near the cart, that they might spit upon the corpse which it contained. The force of the advancing crowd was so tremendous that we were compelled to move for some distance side by side with this appalling sight, and presently immediately behind it; there we seemed to fall in as a part of the procession, and were no doubt considered by the majority of persons to officially belong to it. We were borne southwards quite out of our proper direction, and were unable to prevent it, for it was as much as the postilions could do to sit their horses, and avoid being shouldered out of their saddles. Our progress was of course at a foot's-pace only, and twice the procession halted, once opposite a draper's, and once opposite a public-house, when the yells and hooting of the crowd were terrible to hear. Not only were these two houses closely shuttered up (as they well might be,) but all the shop fronts were closed, and the windows and the tops of the houses crowded with spectators. By this time, we had got to know in what dreadful proceedings we were thus taking an involuntary part. The body in the cart was that of the murderer Williams, who had committed suicide two days before, to escape, it was thought, not so much the scaffold, as the execrations of his fellow-creatures. All London was filled with hate of him, as before his capture it had been filled with fear; and the government had caused this public exhibition of his corpse, to convince the minds of the public that the wholesale assassin was really no longer alive. The houses at which we had halted were those which had once been inhabited by his unhappy victims, the Marrs and the Williamsons. Subsequently, the corpse was conveyed to St. George's turnpike, and there interred with a stake thrust through the middle of it; but before that frightful ceremony took place, the postilions had managed to extricate us, and we had driven westwards to our destination. Still, I for my part had seen enough, and more than enough, to make that entry of ours into London a thing impossible to forget; and I think it rendered, by association, the mystery concerning which we had come up to Harley Street, more menacing and sombre than before.

CHAPTER XXV.

AMONG FRIENDS.

We found Marmaduke Heath in a less morbid state of mind than we had expected. The die having been cast—the time given him by Sir Massingberd for his return and so-called reconciliation with that worthy having already elapsed without any action on the part of his uncle, the effect of that "Captain Swing"-like epistle was slowly wearing off. No one ever revived the matter in his presence, nor, as we have seen, was he permitted even to write upon the subject. Still, he knew that I had been lately communicated with concerning it—for at first the blow had fallen on its object with such force and fullness that those about him had really not liked to let me know the extent of the mischief I might have committed—and he imagined that I had now come up in mere friendly sorrow to cheer and comfort him. As he came out into the dark street on that December evening to give me loving welcome, fresh from that awful procession-scene, I positively looked with terror to left and right, lest some cloaked figure, whom yet we both should recognize, might reach forth an iron arm, and tear him away. It was I who was morbid and unstrung, and not my friend; he strove, I knew to appear to the best advantage, in good-humor and high spirits, in order that I might have less to reproach myself with.

"My dear old Peter," cried he, laughing, "how glad I am to see your honest face. Have you brought me any verbal message from my charming uncle, or are you only his deputy-postman? *How* is he—*how* is he?"

I could see, in spite of his light way, that he was curious to have this interrogation answered; but what was I to say?

"I don't know whether he's well or ill," returned I, carelessly, as I stepped into the hall. "But how is Mr. Gerard and Miss—"

"Here is 'Miss,'" returned a sweet voice, blithe as a bird's: "she is excellently well, Peter, thank you. But what a white face *you* have got! If that is the gift of country air, there is certainly no such cause for regretting our absence from the Dovecot, about which Marmaduke is always so solicitous."

"'Marmaduke' to his face, now!" thought I. I could not prevent my heart from sinking a little, in spite of the life-buoy of friendship. But I answered gallantly:

"There is no air that can wither *your* roses, Miss Lucy, for the summer is never over where you are."

"Bravo, Peter," quoth Mr. Gerard, set in the warm glow of the dining-room, which gleamed forth from the open door behind him. "If he is so complimentary in a thorough draught, what a mirror of courtesy will he be when he gets thawed! Come in, my dear Mr. Long; come in to the warm. No east wind ever brought people more good, than this which brings you two to us. Lucy— Ah, that's right; she has gone to order the dinner to be rechauffed. Now, do you travellers answer no man one word, but go make yourselves comfortable—you have your old rooms, of course—and then come down at once to food and fire. Marmaduke, my dear boy, you keep me company here, please; otherwise, you will delay Peter, with your gossip, I know."

That was a sentence with a purpose in it. If, as Mr. Gerard at once guessed, we had came up to town on business connected with Sir Massingberd, it might be advisable that I should not be interrogated by Marmaduke privately. For my part, I was greatly relieved by it, since I had no desire to be the person to communicate bad tidings—for such I knew he would consider them—to my friend a second time. My spirits had risen somewhat with the warmth of our reception: it is not a little to have honest friends, and welcome unmistakable in hand and voice and eye. There is many a man who goes smoothly through the world by help of these alone, and only at times sighs for the love that but one could have given him, and which has been bestowed by her elsewhere. When I got down into the dining-room, a minute or two before my tutor, I was received by quite a chorus of kind voices—a very tumult of hospitable greetings.

"Warm your toes, Peter—warm your toes; you shall have a glass of sherry worth drinking directly," cried Mr. Gerard, all in a breath.

"Yes, Peter, you and I will have a glass together," exclaimed Marmaduke eagerly.

"Stop for 'the particular'—stop for the green seal; it will be here in a minute," entreated the host.

"No, no," returned Marmaduke; "I must drink his health at once. Cowslip wine, if I drank it with Peter, would be better to me than Johannisberg."

He had his hand upon her arm as I entered the room; I was sure of that, although she had gently but swiftly withdrawn it from his touch, as the door opened. How happy she looked; how passing fair with that faint flush! How handsome and bright-faced was dear Marmaduke! How placidly content, like one who draws his happiness from that of others, was the countenance of Harvey Gerard! A picture of domestic pleasure and content indeed, and with three noble figures in it. It was impossible to doubt that two lovers stood before me, and a father who had found a prospective son-in-law, whom he could love as a son. This new relationship had been only established within a very few days, and upon that account, perhaps, it was the more patent. My mischance in the matter of Sir Massingberd's letter had been the immediate cause of Marmaduke's declaration. She had compassionated him in his troubles, and he had told her in what alone his hope of comfort lay. He had not been sanguine of securing her—who could have been, with such a priceless prize in view?—for not only had he a diffidence in his own powers of pleasing, great and winning as they were beyond those of any man I ever knew, but he feared to find an obstacle to his wishes in her father.

"Dear Mr. Gerard," he had said with his usual frankness, "I have won your daughter's heart, and love her better than all the world. Still, it is you alone who have her hand to dispose of. She loves and respects you, as never yet was father loved and respected, and this only makes her dearer to me. I feel as much bound in this matter by your decision—O, sir, God grant your heart may turn towards me—as she does herself. I dare not tell you what I think of you to your face. The very greatness of my respect for you makes me fear your rejection of me. I am in one respect at least a weak and morbid man, while your mind is vigorous and strong upon all points. You are in armor of proof from head to heel, whereas there is a joint in my harness open to every blow. I am afraid, sir, that you despise me."

"I do not despise you, Marmaduke," Mr. Gerard had replied, in his kind grave voice.

"Ah, sir, I know what you would say," returned the young man with vehemence; "you pity me; and pity and contempt are twin-sisters. Besides, I am a Heath; you do not wish that blood of yours should mix with that of an evil and accursed race; and, moreover—though that, with a man like you, has, I know, but little weight—I may live and die a pauper."

"My dear Marmaduke," Mr. Gerard had answered, "I cannot conceal from you that there are grave objections to your marriage with my daughter, and more especially at present. We need not revert to the last matter you have spoken of, for wealth is not what I should seek for in my son-in-law; even if it were, your alliance would reasonably promise it, and might be sought by many on that account. As for your being a Heath, that you cannot help; and with respect to 'blood,' there is more rubbish spoken upon that subject by otherwise sensible folk than upon all others put together. Bad example and evil training are sufficient to account for the bad courses of any family, without impeaching their circulating fluids. If your uncle had not happened to be likewise your guardian, in you, my dear young friend, I frankly tell you I should see no fault, or rather no misfortune; but since he has unhappily had the opportunity of weakening and intimidating—"

"Sir, sir, pray, spare me," broke in Marmaduke passionately. "Are you going to say that I am a coward?"

"Heaven forbid, my boy," replied Mr. Gerard earnestly. "You are as brave as I am, I do not doubt. If I thought you to be what you suggest, I would not parley with you about my darling daughter for one moment; I would say 'No' at once. My Lucy wooed by a poltroon!—no, that is not possible. I do not say 'No' to *you*, Marmaduke."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir," exclaimed the young man with emotion; then added solemnly, "And I thank God."

"What I do say, however," returned Mr. Gerard, "is 'Wait.' While your uncle lives, I cannot, under existing circumstances, permit you to be my Lucy's husband. At present, you are only boy and girl, and can well afford to be patient."

"And when we do marry," returned Marmaduke gratefully, "you shall not lose your daughter, sir, but rather gain a son. My home, if I ever have one, shall be yours also. Pray, believe me when I say that you are my second father, for you have given me a new life."

It really seemed so to him who looked at the sparkling eyes and heightened color of the speaker, and listened to his tones, so rich with hope and love.

"There is certainly no one so civil as a would-be son-in-law," replied Mr. Gerard good-naturedly. "I wonder that old gentlemen in my position ever permit them to marry at all."

And thus it had been settled—as I saw that it had been—only a very little while before our arrival in Harley street.

"And what brings you good people up to town," asked Mr. Gerard gayly, "without sending a line in advance, which, even in mercy to the housekeeper, you would surely have done, had not the business been urgent? As to your travelling with four horses," added our host slily, "I know so well the pride and ostentation of the clergy, that I am not the least astonished at your doing *that*, Mr. Rector."

"Truly, sir, now that I find all safe and well," replied my tutor, "I begin to think we might have travelled in a less magnificent way; but the fact is, that I felt foolishly apprehensive and curious to tell you our tidings. Sir Massingberd Heath has been Lost since Thursday fortnight, November sixteenth."

"Lost!" exclaimed Mr. Gerard in amazement.

"Lost!" echoed Lucy compassionately.

"Lost!" murmured Marmaduke, turning deadly pale. "That is terrible indeed."

"Yes, poor wretched man," said Lucy quickly; "terrible to think that some judgment may have overtaken him in the midst of his wickedness—unrepentant, revengeful, cruel."

"That is truly what should move us most, Miss Gerard," observed my tutor; "it is but too probable that he has been suddenly cut off, and that by violence." Then he narrated all that had happened at Fairburn since the night of Sir Massingberd's disappearance, uninterrupted save once, when Mr. Gerard left the room for a few minutes, and returned with another bottle of "the particular," which, it seemed, he would not even suffer the butler to handle. Marmaduke sat silent and awe-struck, drinking in every word, and now and then, when a sort of shudder passed over him, I saw a little hand creep forth and slide into his, when he would smile faintly, but not take his eyes off Mr. Long—no, not even to reply to him.

"I think," added my tutor, when the narrative was quite concluded, "that under these circumstances, I was justified in coming up to town, Mr. Gerard, since it is just possible that Sir Massingberd may, may—"

"That he may not be dead," interrupted our host gravely; "there is, of course, that chance; and we must set to work at once to settle that question."

There was a violent ringing at the front-door bell. Mr. Long started up with a "What's that?" Marmaduke's very lips grew white, and trembled. For my part, I confess I congratulated myself that I was on that side of the table which was furthest from any person who might enter the room. Lucy alone maintained a calm demeanor, and looked towards her father confidently.

"That is Mr. Clint, I have no doubt," observed Mr. Gerard quietly. "I sent word to him an hour ago to come directly, and, if possible, to bring Townshend with him. Whether Sir Massingberd be alive or not, we shall soon discover, for the great Bow Street Runner will be certain to find either his body or his bones."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DETECTIVE OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Mr. Gerard had hardly finished speaking, when the butler announced Mr. Clint and "another gentleman,"—for even among friends the famous Bow street officer exercised his usual caution; and yet there was scarcely a more public character than Townshend, or better known both to the classes whom he protected and to that against which he waged such constant war. His personal appearance was itself sufficiently remarkable. A short squab man, in a light wig, kerseymere breeches, and a blue Quaker-cut coat, he was not, to look at, a very formidable object. But he possessed the courage of a lion and the cunning of a fox. The ruffians who kept society in terror, themselves quailed before *him*. They knew that he was hard to kill, and valued not his own life one rush, when duty called upon him to hazard it; that he was faithful as a watch-dog to the government which employed him, and hated by nature a transgressor of the law, as a watch-dog hates a wolf. When Townshend fairly settled himself down upon the track of an offender, the poor wretch felt like the hare whose fleeing footsteps the stout relentlessly pursues; he might escape for the day, or even the morrow, but sooner or later his untiring foe was certain to be up with him. In those early days, when the telegraph could not overtake the murderer speeding for his life, and set Justice upon her guard five hundred miles away, to intercept him, and when the sun was not the slave of the Law, to photograph the features of the doomed criminal, so that he can be recognized as easily as Cain, thief catching was a much more protracted business than it is now; nevertheless, it was at least as certain.

If the facilities for capture were not so great, neither were the opportunities of escape for the offender so many and various. London was not the labyrinth that it has since become, and if any criminal of note forsook it for the provinces, his fate was almost certain. Travellers did not then rush hither and thither, in throngs of a hundred strong, impossible to be individually identified by the railway porter to whom they surrender their tickets; but each man was entered in a way-bill, or scanned with curiosity by innkeeper and post-boy, wherever his chaise changed horses. When any considerable sum was sent by mail-coach, whether by the government or by London bankers, to their provincial agents, it was not unusual to employ Mr. Townshend as an escort. Nor was it altogether unexampled for him to be sent for, as in the present instance, to unravel some domestic mystery, although he was perhaps the first police officer who had been so employed, the father of all the Fields and Pollakies of the present day. He was on intimate terms, therefore, with many great people, and an especial favorite with the court, his professional services being engaged at all drawing-rooms and state occasions. This, combined with the natural assurance and sense of power in the man, caused Mr. Townshend to hold his head pretty high, and to treat with persons vastly superior in social station to himself upon at least an equal footing. His easy nod, with which the great Bow street Runner favored us in Harley street that evening upon his first introduction, was not very much unlike the salutation which Mr. Bummel, at the same period was wont to bestow upon British marquisses and dukes. Having taken his seat at the desert-table, at the host's desire, he at once began to compliment Mr. Gerard upon the contents of the bottle with the yellow seal, and, in short, behaved himself in all respects as any other guest would have done who was an intimate friend of the family, and had dropped in after dinner upon his own invitation. No sooner, however, did Mr. Clint introduce the subject which had called us up to town, and Mr. Long begin to recapitulate the story of Sir Massingberd's disappearance, than this singular person dropped at once all social pretension, and showed himself the really great man he was. One glass of wine was sufficient for him during the whole narration, and that he seemed to sip mechanically, and rather as an assistance to thought, than because he really enjoyed it, which, however, there is no doubt he did. He only interrupted my tutor twice or thrice, in order to make some pertinent interrogation, and when all had been described (including a slight sketch of Marmaduke's position), he sat for a little silent and noiseless, tapping his wine glass with his forefinger, and staring into the fire.

"Well, Mr. Townshend, and what is your opinion?" inquired Mr. Gerard, a little impatiently. "Do you think that this lost Sir Massingberd is alive or dead?"

"That is a question which a fool would answer at once, sir, but a wise man would take some time to reply to," returned the Bow street Runner coolly. "But one thing you may depend upon, that he will not be 'Lost' long. I have blotted that word out of my dictionary. I know Sir Massingberd Heath well, or, at least, I did know him and that is a great advantage to start with: he was not a man, I should think, to change with age. Tall figure and strong; large piercing eyes; much beard; a mouth that tells he likes to have his own way; and on his forehead a mark as if the devil had kicked him."

"That is excellent," cried Mr. Gerard: "you could not mistake him for any other man in London."

"He is *not* in London, sir," observed the runner dogmatically. "If he were mixing with the lot that he used to be amongst, I should surely have heard of it; and if he is with people much beneath him in station, I should have learned it still more certainly. As for that, however, he is not one—if I remember him right—to hide himself, or work much underground."

"If you mean that he would not stoop to deception, Mr. Townshend," remarked my tutor gravely, "I am afraid you are mistaken; the very money which, as I have said, he obtained from me upon the day of his disappearance, was dishonorably come by. His pretext of the Methodists having bidden for a piece of ground, upon which to build a chapel within the Park, and almost opposite the Rectory, was, I have since discovered, entirely false; and I cannot but fear that some judgment has overtaken this unhappy man."

Here, I am sorry to say, that Mr. Clint and Mr. Gerard looked at one another in rather a comic manner, and the Bow street Runner helped himself to a glass of the particular with an open chuckle.

"Well, sir," responded that gentleman, "you see judgments isn't much in my way. When I catches a chap, he generally knows its judgment and execution too; but barring that, I doubt whether there is much of a special Providence for rascals—even when they rob a church minister. Not, of course, that I am saying Sir Massingberd Heath, baronet, is a rascal, or anything like it; I never had anything to do with him in all my life before this, and that's a good sign, look you. When I said he was not a man to work underground, however, I did not mean that he would not employ every ingenious device—and the one you mention was one of the neatest I ever heard on—to procure money, but that he is of too domineering and masterful a nature to lurk and spy about. The young gentleman here need not be in much alarm, I think, of his relative's turning up in Harley street; notwithstanding which he is a very ticklish customer, no doubt, and can as I should not have been in the least surprised to find myself under orders to fit with a pair of bracelets, for such a thing, for instance as murder."

I think each of us started and looked at one another in hushed amazement at this statement; and the wine-glass which Marmaduke was twisting nervously in his fingers rattled against the table in spite of his efforts to remain calm.

"I mean," observed Mr. Townshend in explanation, "as the baronet, when I knew him at less', was venomous, yet likewise hasty; and though cunning enough, if his temper got the better of him, would do im-

prudent things. I remember him well nigh killing his jockey on the course at Doncaster—it was the second year as ever the Leger was run for—and all for no fault of his, but just because he didn't win when his master expected it. I remember how the crowd hissed the gentleman, and the ugly look which he gave them in reply. There was no fuss made about the matter afterwards; but Sir Massingberd had to supply a deal of Golden Ointment to the poor lad's bruises: he was very free-handed with his money at that time. I suppose, by the pace he was then going, that he has not much left."

"He has almost literally not a shilling," replied Mr. Long. "I am quite certain that he had no ready money in his possession, besides the twenty one pound notes which he obtained from me upon that evening."

"And no means of raising any?" inquired Mr. Townshend.

"None whatever," replied my tutor positively.

"That simplifies the business a good deal," remarked the Bow street Runner, drawing out his pocket-book. "Now, I suppose you kept the numbers of those notes?"

"Yes, I did. Peter, did you not write them down for me?"

"The notes ran from 82961 to 82980 inclusive," said I.

"A very concise and sensible statement, young gentleman,"* remarked the police officer approvingly; "I should like, however, to see the figures in black and white." When these had been found among certain memorandums of my tutor, Mr. Townshend copied them, and thus continued: "Now, the first thing as has to be done, gentlemen all—by which no offence is meant to the young lady—is this: we must go to the Bank of England, and find out if any of these here notes have been paid in since November 16th. If they have been, one of two things is certain: Sir Massingberd is spending them, or somebody else is spending them for him. If the latter, it is probable that it is not with his consent; that is, that he can't help it; that is, that he's dead as a tenpenny nail;" and with that the speaker brought down his fist upon the mahogany, as though he were hammering one in.

"We shall leave the case, Mr. Townshend, entirely in your hands," observed Mr. Gerard; "and please to look to me for any expenses you may require."

"Very good, sir," replied the runner, rising as if to take his leave; "but since two or three heads are always better than one, in cases of this sort, and the present company has their wits about them—which is by no means the case with many as I have to do with—I should be glad of a little assistance from yourselves."

"Don't you think we ought to advertise the baronet as missing, and offer a reward?" suggested Mr. Clint.

"There will be no harm in that, of course," replied Mr. Townshend carelessly; "although I can't say as I have much confidence in advertisements; my own experience is, that parties who put them in derive some satisfaction from reading them over to themselves, but the advantage don't go much beyond that—except that it sometimes puts people upon their guard as one wants to be off it. I have got a little pressing business on hand to-morrow—in the forging line—and must now be off; but if one or two of you will be at the Bank to-morrow afternoon, at, let us say three o'clock, I shall be sure to be there to meet you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BANK-NOTES

It was arranged, to my infinite joy, before retiring to rest that night, that I was to make one of the Bank party. Marmaduke insisted on accompanying us, being above measure curious about the matter, and eager to know the worst (or the best) regarding it. Mr. Long had to return to Fairburn for his Sunday's duty, and Mr. Clint could not spare the time from his parchments; so Mr. Harvey Gerard and we two young men went forth upon the trail together. As the paper-chase is the most glorious pursuit undertaken by boys, as fox hunting is the sport of sport for men, so man-hunting is the avocation fitted for heroes. I know nothing like it for interest and excitement—nothing. If I could only imbue my readers with one-tenth of the absorbing concern with which we, the subordinate actors in this drama of mystery, now began to be devoured, they would be sorry indeed when this narrative comes to a conclusion. We three were at the appointed spot some minutes before the hour which had been agreed upon for meeting the Bow street Runner; but before the chimes of the Old Exchange clock had ceased their *Life let us cherish*—the tune which they always played on Fridays—the Bow street Runner appeared.

Passing through a great room within the Bank, in which, to my unaccustomed eye, were displayed the riches of Crœsus, and where the golden showers seemed unceasingly to rain, we were conducted into a private apartment, where sat some gray-headed official, uncommunicative, calm, like one who has had his gist even of wealth, and to whom money, whether in bullion or paper, was no longer any object.

"Well, Mr. Townshend, what can I do for you?" inquired he sedately. "I trust you are not come about any fresh wrongs against the Old Lady of Threadneedle street. I never see your face but I think of an imitation bank-note, and diminution of the stock in our cellar."

"Thank you, sir," responded the runner cheerfully—"I am afraid that I shall have to see you in a day or two respecting a matter of that very kind, but to-day I am come on a different business. A gentleman of high rank has been missing for three weeks, or more; and his absence has given the greatest anxiety to these his friends. He was known to have in his possession certain one-pound Bank of England notes—twenty in all, of which the numbers are known. We wish to know whether they have been paid in hither in the meantime, and if so, by whom."

"Have you any order from the deputy-governor?"

"Why, no, sir," responded the runner insinuatingly. "I thought that would not be necessary between you and me."

"Well, well, I suppose you must have your own way, Townshend. You're a dangerous man to cross." And the old gentleman wagged his head in a blandly humorous manner, and made a little golden music with his bunch of seals. "The number of the notes are here, are they? From 82961 to 80. Very good." Here he rang a silver bell, which presently produced an official personage, something between a gentleman-usher and a pew-opener. "You may show this party over the cancelled department, James; and let Mr. Townshend investigate anything he pleases."

With a not over-courteous nod, the old gentleman resumed his study of a certain enormous volume, that looked, said Marmaduke, like the quarto edition of Chaucer, but which it is reasonable to conclude was something else. We were straightway conducted through several vast and echoing chambers, into a spacious fire-proof vault, where the notes that had been paid into the Bank awaited the periodical cremation.

"A week later, and we might not have been in time," remarked the Bow Street Runner, since every bank-note is burned within a month of its having found its way home again. If Sir Massingberd has come to a violent end, and been robbed of his money, we shall probably find it all here, as those who despoiled him would be anxious to get the notes changed at once." Our guide led the way to a certain department of the chamber, with the same accuracy which a student would evince with respect to a shelf in his own library, and took up in his hand a bundle of one-pound notes; they were for the most part very dirty and greasy, but he separated one from the other with a surprising ease and celerity, reading out the numbers as he did so. "82900, 1, 2, 3—now we are getting near it," observed the official. "Let us see, 951, is it not?"

"82961," gasped I, "and the next nineteen." I could scarcely frame the words, so great was my excitement. Marmaduke's eyes gleamed with anxiety and impatience; and even Mr. Gerard held his breath, while the clerk continued in a dry mechanical tone:

"51, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 wanting—7, 8, 9 all wanting 82960—here you have it; 61 wanting; 2, 3, 4, 5 6, 7, 8 9. There are none of them here. Stop a bit. 82977—that's one, isn't it?"

"Yes," cried I, "that's one. Pray, let me look at it."

"Certainly not, sir," responded the official severely. With regard to Mr. Townshend, I have my orders, but as respects him only."

"Perfectly right," remarked the Bow Street Runner approvingly. "Then please to give it to me, my man. Are there any more?"

"Yes, there are—78, 79, 80."

"Good. That is four in all then."

The detective took them up and showed them to me. Of course I could not identify them; but still I felt some awe to think what hands—hands imbued with blood, perchance—those notes might have passed through since I had seen Sir Massingberd thrust them into his pocket.

"I cannot carry these away with me, my good friend, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Townshend persuasively.

"By no manner of means, Mr. Runner," replied the guardian of these unctuous treasures with dignity. "His Majesty himself would never be so mad as to ask such a thing. A written order from the governor himself would not permit you to do it."

"Very good, sir; then we won't trouble the governor to write one," returned the detective drily. "What I must know, however—permission or no permission—is this: By whose hand were these sweet smelling and precious articles paid into the Bank of England?"

It would have been amusing, under less anxious circumstances, to have watched the demeanor of these two personages each jealous of the dignity of those by whom he was employed, and neither in the least disposed to surrender one tittle of his delegated authority.

"That information will no doubt be supplied to you," replied the official stiffly, "if it is thought right—and not otherwise. Follow me, gentlemen, if you please, and I will direct you to the office where such an application may be made."

This we did; and I am bound to say met with very great civility from the superintendent of the department in question. In spite of the admirable and systematic manner in which the huge establishment was carried on, it was not easy, and in many cases would have been impossible, to discover what individual had paid in any particular note, but every pains and trouble were taken in our behalf, to effect this. Out of the four notes, only one, No. 82979, could be identified as having been received from any particular person—one Mr. Worrall, a silk-merchant in the city. Having expressed our warmest thanks to the authorities, we immediately called a coach, and started off to this gentleman's warehouse. We were so fortunate as to find him in, although he was just upon the point of setting forth to his private residence. Upon an examination of his books, we discovered no record of the bank-note about which we were concerned; still, he frankly owned to us that such memoranda were not kept with excessive accuracy.

"It is possible yet that the people at the Bank may have been correct," cried he. "You had better return there; and since the matter is one of life and death, I do not mind confiding to you, that if that note has passed through our hands at all, it will have the letter W, in red, upon the back of it; it is very small, but still can be deciphered without a magnifying-glass."

"There was no mark," observed I, "upon any of the notes I saw."

"There *was* a mark," replied the Bow Street Runner reflectively; "and I am pretty sure it was upon this very note. It is no wonder that you did not see it, young gentleman, since your livelihood does not depend, as mine does, upon keeping my eyes about me. The mark in question was also almost obliterated by the red 'Cancelled' which the Bank had placed upon the note; but as far as I could make out, it was the letter O."

"That is the private mark of the Metropolitan Oil Company," exclaimed Mr. Worrall without hesitation; "although, indeed, because I have told my own secrets, I am not sure that I am justified in revealing those of other people. Their offices are in the very next street to this."

Off we started like hounds who, after a check, have once more struck the scent. Business in the city had by this time greatly diminished, and many of the shops were closed; but the Oil Company's emporium, as behoved it, was lighted up from cellar to garret, to give assurance to the world that what they sold could turn night, and even London fog, into day. Notwithstanding the extreme luminosity of the premises, we found the accounts of the establishment, however, rather opaque and complicated, and although nothing could exceed the pains which the clerks put themselves to upon our account, it was several hours before No. 82979 could be identified both as respected its incoming and outgoing. Finally, however, we gleaned the certain information, that the note in question had been received only a day or two previously by the Oil Company from a Mr. Vanderseld, the skipper of a foreign vessel, then lying in the port of London, but which he had informed them was to sail immediately. He had bought a small quantity of oil for his cabin lamps, and taken it with him, but had ordered a large supply to be sent to his address in Hamburg, and with this address we were made acquainted.

"Well, Mr. Townshend," quoth Mr. Harvey Gerard, as we rolled homewards in a hackney-coach after seven hours of this man-hunting, "what think you that this news portends? Is the game still afoot, or is it only dead game—quarry?"

"I can speak with no sort of certainty yet," replied the Bow Street Runner; "but next to all the notes having been paid into the Bank on the 17th or so—which, as I told you, would have almost indicated Sir Massingberd's murder and robbery, without any doubt—I know of no worse tidings than this, of their having come from Hamburg. There's a regular agency abroad, and particularly in that town, for the sale of Bank of England notes dishonestly come by. If a thief cannot get to the Bank immediately, to turn his plunder into gold, he sends it across the water; and then it comes back to us at home, through honest hands enough. We must communicate, of course, with Vanderseld; but the probability is that he will be unable to give us any information. These sea-fellows take account of nothing except what concerns their own trade. He may remember the quarter that the wind was blowing from upon the day he had the note, to a nicety; but he won't have a notion, bless you, as to who paid it him. No—it's the worst sign yet, to my mind, that that 'ere note has come through foreign hands. But don't you be downhearted, my young gentleman," added the Bow Street Runner, addressing himself to Marmaduke, who looked very fagged and anxious; "I'll find your respected uncle, mind you, let him be where he will; and if he's dead, why you shall see his corpse, though I have to dig it up with my finger-nails." With which comforting statement, we had, for that evening, to be content.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

*Every lad in my position, not yet turned twenty one, was a "young gentleman" in these times; we were not so tenacious of our dignity as the young men of to-day.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

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} Ex-Officio.

LETTER FROM GENERAL MEADE.

The following letter from General Meade, the gallant and capable commander of the Army of the Potomac, was received by the "Committee on Labor, Income, and Revenue," appointed to raise funds for the "Great Central Fair for the Sanitary Commission," to be held in Philadelphia:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, April 8, 1864.

L. MONTGOMERY BOND, Esq.

Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 6th inst., inclosing circulars of the "Committee on Labor, Incomes, and Revenues," of the Great Central Fair for the United States Sanitary Commission. I feel very much flattered and complimented at the honor conferred on me, by placing my name as one of the honorary members of this important Committee.

It is hardly necessary for me to assure you that I am with you heart and soul in the great work of benevolence and charity which you have entered on.

It has been my duty to make inquiry as to the practical working and benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission, and it affords me great pleasure to bear testimony, so far as this army is concerned, to the estimable benefits and blessings conferred by this noble association on the suffering sick and wounded soldiers.

A few facts in connection with this point may be of use to you.

At the battle of Gettysburg the number of wounded of our army alone, amounted, by official reports, to thirteen thousand seven hundred and thirteen, (13,713.) Those of the enemy left on the field were estimated by our medical officers as amounting to eight thousand. This would make in all nearly twenty-two thousand suffering beings, requiring immediate care and attention, to save life.

Few people can realize such large numbers, but if you tell them that should they fill and pack your Academy of Music in Philadelphia (which holds, I believe, some thirty-five hundred people,) *six times*, and then imagine every soul in this immense crowd wounded, they will have a chance idea of the great work for humanity on the field of Gettysburg.

Now, although the Government is most liberal and generous in all its provisions for the sick and wounded, yet it is impossible to keep *constantly on hand* either the personnel or supplies required in an emergency of this kind.

In addition to this difficulty at Gettysburg, I was compelled to pursue the retreating foe, and as I expected in a few days to have another battle, at some distant point, it was absolutely necessary I should carry away the greater portion of my surgeons and medical supplies, so that the wounded of Gettysburg were, in a measure, depending upon such extra assistance as the Government could hastily collect, and upon the generous aid so cheerfully and promptly afforded by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and the various State and Soldiers' Aid Societies. All the additional aid from every source was here most urgently needed, and it gives me great pleasure to say that, from the reports of my medical officers, I am satisfied the United States Sanitary Commission, as well as the others above named, were fully up to the work before them.

What has occurred in the past may occur in the future. There is no nobler or holier work of Christian love and charity, and if the voices of the brave soldiers are of any influence, you may rest assured you have their hearty wishes and earnest prayers.

Most respectfully and truly yours,

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Maj. Gen. Comm'g Army of Potomac.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pineville Ladies' Aid, Bucks co., A. R. Trego, Sec'y, 1 box; Upper Providence and Edgemont Soldiers' Aid, Miss M. E. Bisnop, 1 box; Danville Ladies' Aid, Montour co., Miss M. A. Montgomery, 1 box; Mansfield Ladies' Aid, Tioga co., Mrs. S. E. Morris, Sec'y, 1 box; Hillside Aid, Kingston, Luzerne co., Miss F. M. Owen, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Clifford, Susquehanna co., Miss Amanda M. Wells, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid, Great Bend, Susquehanna co., Miss M. J. Osborne, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Selinsgrove, Snyder co., Miss C. C. Smith, Sec'y, 1 box; Forestville Ladies' Aid, Bucks co., Mrs. S. S. Buckingham, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Christ church, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, St. James's church, Miss Green Sec'y, 1 pkg.; church of the Saviour, West Phila., Mrs. Wm. Goddard, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.; Mrs. Wm. Riehl, Chestnut above 13th 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Picture Rocks, Lycoming co., 1 box; Mr. Frederick. Brown, extract grieger; Relief League, Upper and Lower Oxford, Russelville, Chester co., Mrs. B. W. Oakford, Sec'y, 1 box; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Hebrew Women's Aid, Miss R. Moss, Sec'y, 2 boxes; 5 boxes, Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, unknown.

NEW JERSEY.

Ladies' Aid, Riverton, N. J., Mrs. S. Seckel, Sec'y, 1 pkg., 1 box; Cape May Court House Soldiers' Aid, 1 box; Lumberton Soldiers' Aid, 1 bale, 1 box.

☞ The sap, in rising a foot in the basswood tree, has to pass through the walls of about two thousand cells.

☞ A little boy in Chicago was left recently to "take care of the baby" while his mother made a call. Failing to keep it quiet, he took a pillow from the cradle, placed it over the child's head, and sat upon it. The mother returned just in time to save the infant from being smothered.

THE TITLE—"MY LORD."

"My Lord," as a style of address, is of frequent occurrence in the Bible, while the use of "Sir" is *comparatively* rare, the earliest passage in which we meet with it being Genesis, xliii. 20:—"O sir, we came down," etc. (See John iv. 11; xx. 15; Acts xiv. 15; Rev. vii. 14, and elsewhere.) It was used, as now, to strangers, or to elders, implying respect, as instanced above.

"My Lord" seems to have been universally adopted. Kings and prophets were so addressed. "Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord." (See Genesis xviii. 12.) Rachel thus speaks of her father. Esau is thus courteously mentioned by Jacob. Joseph is so addressed by the brethren, though, of course, as a stranger of note. Joshua to his chief:—"My Lord Moses, forbid them." But the following is an exceptional use; one which I do not remember to have met with elsewhere in the Bible:—"Now, therefore, *Lord Holofernes*," etc. (Judith v. 24.)

"Lord" is said to be an abbreviation of the Anglo-Saxon compound *Hlaf-lord*, and was formerly so written; *hlaf*, raised, and *ord*, origin, of high birth. So "Lady" is the Anglo-Saxon *Hlafd-eg*; the initial letter omitted gives *Lafd-ig*, which, with the final *ig* changed into *y*, becomes *Lafd-y*; the *f* suppressed, we have *Lady*—lofty, raised, exalted. "Lord" and "Lady" have been otherwise traced from Anglo-Saxon; but the derivation already given is preferred by etymologists.

DADDY TOUCHWOOD—A GARDEN GAME FOR CHILDREN.—Any number may play, one being "Daddy," the others touching with their hands any pieces of wood which have been agreed upon as dens, and exchanging places when they please; any player not having her hand upon wood being "touched" by "Daddy," to take his place and keep it till she should relieve herself in a similar manner. There, that is all, yet it is possible, with a party of children, especially merry children, out of such slender materials, to manufacture a most delicious and enjoyable game, such as I took part in that evening to which I have above referred. The matter-of-fact description doesn't include any of the *incidents*; it fails to tell how, while Daddy was apparently watching little Minnie, he had a corner of his eye bestowed on Master Tom, and stole an occasional glance at Miss Inglesant, and how the while he was doing this, the governess (spare her, oh, ye sticklers for the "proprieties," and remember that we were playing a children's garden game, out of which we were desirous of getting as much fun as possible) came behind his back with a fairy-like footstep that scarcely bent the blade of grass on which it fell, and gave him a push from the shoulder, a soft little push, that sent him two steps forward, while she ran to the nearest goal, and the little ones laughed as he turned round to follow his assailant, and Tom and Miss Inglesant seized the opportunity for running across the lawn, and all the others ran, just if it were a twilight in the game of "Turn the Trencher," and in the end "Daddy" was still "Daddy" in the centre of the ground, a sort of pussy waiting for the little mice to come out of their holes and be caught. Nor does this matter-of-fact account tell of all the ingenious surprises, the false starts, the concerted action, and the stratagem; least of all does it convey any sense of the beaming faces and the joyous laughter of those who played. Play it, reader, with your little friends, and bless me for the suggestion.

TREACLE BIBLE.—I have heard of a Breeches Bible and a Vinegar Bible; but now a friend tells me there is a Treacle Bible. What is its history? CRL.

[The Treacle Bible is so called from those printed in the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth (among others that of Coverdale, 1535,) in which the Balm of Gilead is called the Treacle of Gilead, as in the following passages of the edition of 1575:—

"Is there no *triacle* at Gilliad? Is there no Paisition there? Way then is not the health of my people recovered."—Jer. viii. 22

"Goe up into Gilliad, and bring *triacle*, O virgin, thou daughter of Egypt: but in vayne shalt thou goe to surgerie, for thy wound shall not be stopped."—Jer. xlvi. 11.

☞ As a class, women are always aristocratic. Except in respect of costume, they are no sans culottes among ladies. They may talk democracy, but they mean gunocracy or some other form of aristocracy. Dr. Johnson noticed the same thing in a lady of his acquaintance, who was always prating republicanism. "Let us try it," said the doctor. "Here, madam, is your footman; he is civil and well-dressed; let us ask him to dine with us!' The lady rejected the proposal with scorn. "That's the way you go," said the doctor; "you are willing to bring everybody down to your level, but you don't wish to bring anybody up to it!"

☞ The women of Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed. They now spell it *Mormon*.

☞ Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Morton the thinness of the house at one of the plays, added he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Morton, "I should judge it was owing to the *piece*."

NEWS ITEMS.

RETALIATION.—General Order No. 252, issued at Washington in July last, thus lays down the law of retaliation:

"For every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war."

AN AGED FROG.—The other day, at Johnstown, as a mason was engaged in cutting stone, a living frog was found in the centre of a stone that had been in use in a wall for over thirty years. When discovered, he was as flat as a pancake, but after being released from his prison, could hop about as well as any other frog. The Cambria papers think that his frogship, could he speak, would tell us about the times when Noah lived. His only defect is, that he is totally blind. He has been placed in a cage for safe keeping.

THE needle rifle has proved so serviceable and effective in the Prussian army during their encounter with the Danes, and is discharged so rapidly, that it has become a question whether a course of experimental trials should not be instituted to ascertain the merits of a system hitherto denounced by our officers, as it appears, without sufficient consideration.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.—It is not probable that there will be a call made on Governor Curtin for the militia of the state, at this time. We understand, however, that the militia of the Western states were tendered and accepted by the President to protect Cincinnati, Cairo, Paducah, Columbus, and exposed points on the Mississippi river. The militia of New York are to garrison the fortifications in New York harbor, and the New England militia are to perform the same service in the fortifications of Boston harbor, and along the Eastern coast.

Governor Curtin tendered militia before the battle of Chancellorsville, to garrison the fortifications around Washington city, and he has ever since been in readiness to furnish troops when needed by the national authorities. If the militia were taken from the state now, to be of service to the Government, it would be necessary for such forces to go to Virginia; and the points there are too important, and too much exposed, to be garrisoned by green troops; and in case of invasion, the military force of the state would be thus exhausted, and our border left at the mercy of the invader. We are happy to have it in our power to announce that the most cordial and reciprocal feeling exists between the national and state authorities, and that, in any emergency which may occur, there is a perfect understanding to control and give force to their combined action.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

☞ Col. Beal, of the 29th Maine, speaking of the transports that carried out his regiment to New Orleans, says:—"We found on board Government transports a spunging system in every department, and that everything wanted had to be paid for at high prices." The regiment had arrived at Alexandria, on the Red River.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been dull this week; some 12 000 bbls found buyers, mostly Pennsylvania and Western extra family, at $8@8,25 for fair and $8,37@8,50 for good brands; extras at $7,50@7,75, superfine at $7,@7,25 ₱ bbl; and high grade family and fancy brands at $8,25@9,75 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is selling at $7. Corn Meal is firm; Brandywine is held at $6,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Wheat—sales of 30,000 bus inferior to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds at $1,65 to $1,90, and white at from $1,95 to $2,05. Rye is selling at $1,45@1,50. Corn—about 25,000 bus found buyers at $1,30@1,35 for yellow, and $1,28@1,31 for white. Oats—25,000 bushels sold at 88@90c, the latter for prime Pennsylvania. A sale of 3000 bus Barley Malt was made at $1,70.

PROVISIONS—The market is nearly bare of barreled Pork; mess brings $27,50@28 ₱ bbl. Beef is firm, and mess is quoted at $15@20 ₱ bbl. Bacon is scarce; prices range at 12@20c for plain and fancy Hams, 14@14½c for sides, and 13@14c for shoulders. Green Meats—We quote Shoulders in Salt and pickle at 12½@13c, and Hams at 16@17c. Lard—1500 packages sold at 14@15c for bbls and tierces, and 16@16½c for kegs. Butter continues dull at 20@30c for packed and roll. Cheese is scarce at 15@18c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 19c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is firmer. Sales comprise about 400 bales, in small lots, at from 70@83½c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash.

BARK comes in slowly. Sales of about 120 hhds Quercitron at $40 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is worth 35@36c ₱ lb.

COFFEE—Sales of 2000 bags at 45@46c for Rio, and 44½@45½c for Laguayra, cash and on time.

FRUIT is firm, with a good demand for Dried Apples at 10½@10¾c, and unpared Peaches at 19@20c ₱ lb.

HAY—Prices range at $25@30 ₱ ton.

HOPS are selling at 25@30c ₱ lb for eastern and western.

IRON—There is a good demand for Pig Metal at fully former figures. Sales of 2000 tons Anthracite at $33 for No. 3, and $35 for No. 1, cash.

LEAD—300 pigs Galena sold at 12½c ₱ lb, cash.

LUMBER—Market firm. Sales of Hemlock Joist and Scantling at $19@20; Boards $31@32; Lehigh do $34; White Pine Boards $32@34; and Yellow Sap do $25@28 ₱ M.

PLASTER—Scarce at $6 ₱ ton.

RICE has advanced, and is held at 11@11½c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little in the market. Cloverseed is quoted at $7@7,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is steady, with sales of 800 bus at $2,75@2,87½, and Flaxseed at $3,37@3,40 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is held at 180@170c, and Whiskey is unsettled; sales to some extent are reported during the week at 130@134c for Pennsylvania and western bbls.

SUGARS—The market is excited; about 800 hhds Cuba have been disposed of at 16½@17¼c.

TALLOW is firm at 13½@13¾c.

WOOL—The market is more active; about 250,000 lbs domestic have been disposed of at from 75 to 85c, mostly at 80@83c for medium and fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from $13 to 15 ₱ 100 lbs. 900 Cows brought from $35 to 40 ₱ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 7½ cents ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs at from $12 to 13 ₱ 100 lbs.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States; and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the first of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial uses.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1,000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000); and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1,000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent for premium,) or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a fund for like payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, with a letter stating the kind (registered or coupon) and the denominations of bonds required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
First National Bank of Carlisle, Pa.
First National Bank of Danville, Pa.
First National Bank of Erie, Pa.
First National Bank of Marietta, Pa.
First National Bank of Meadville, Pa.
First National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
Second National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
First National Bank of Strasburg, Pa.
First National Bank of Towanda, Pa.
First National Bank of West Chester, Pa.
Second National Bank of Wilkesbarre, Pa.
First National Bank of York, Pa.
First National Bank of Parkersburg, W. Va.
First National Bank of Washington, D. C.
First National Bank of Newark, N. J.
First National Bank of Baltimore.
First National Bank of Binghampton, N. Y.
First National Bank of Elmira, N. Y.,

and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money. All respectable banks and bankers throughout the country will furnish further information on application, and afford every facility to subscribers. ap22-6t

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are not in the habit of advising our readers; but as much has been said and written on the subject of Galvanism, Magnetism, and other modifications of Electricity, as a remedial or therapeutic agent for the cure of acute and chronic diseases, we feel disposed to write a brief article. The most learned and scientific men of this and other countries have taken part, and much use has been made of electricity by physicians of all the schools, and many theories have been introduced in this and other countries by the most learned; but we think all have failed to understand certain fundamental, fixed laws which universally govern it in its application to the human system, both in health and disease, therefore we are not at a loss to understand why the practical results have in a majority of cases been anything but satisfactory. Every honest, reasoning man knows very well that an error in theory must inevitably produce an error in practice. Our object in penning this article is to set the community all right on this important subject, by showing a few of the most important practical workings of electrity in the cure of disease, when applied according to the theory of Prof. C. H. Bolles, who has been in this city as we understand more than four years, located at 1220 Walnut street. We have examined over fifty books and pamphlets published in this country and Europe by physicians, electricians and machine venders, giving directions how to apply electricity as a therapeutic agent, but no satisfactory system has been laid down by any of them, and we are confident that no theory and practice has been reliable except that of Prof. Bolles, and we judge of his philosophy and theory of practice by the most thorough investigation for over four years. We are well acquainted with hundreds of most reliable and respectable individuals of this city, who after all other medical treatment had failed, were speedily and permanently cured at 1220 Walnut street by a few applications of electricity according to the theory of Prof. B. We could mention hundreds of persons who would think it a great pleasure to vouch for the truth of the above assertions. We speak of Prof. B.'s success with no motives of pecuniary interest, but for the benefit of suffering humanity. He is a man of genius and has worked out a grand theory which all lovers of humanity must admire. There is no conclusion, no guess work, no matter of doubt in his treatment. He proceeds on fixed principles and according to laws which are immutable and infallible. We have watched hundreds of cases among many thousands who have been cured by him, and speak from absolute knowledge. We speak of a few persons whose cures have come to our knowledge by personal conversation, and some advised us to be trusted, and we take pleasure to thank them through this medium. We look forward with the greatest anxiety to that day when Prof. Bolles' great discovery shall be thoroughly known by medical men of all the schools, then and not till then will there be a correct system of healing the sick by one grand, great and reliable power—*Electricity*—which is the organizing and animating power. We have been induced from motives of duty to the sick and afflicted to give our views and to mention the names of many cases cured which are well-known to us.

We have conversed with most of the persons whose names will be hereafter given, and nearly all have expressed the greatest gratitude to Prof. Bolles, and said that he offered to warrant their cure, and charge them nothing if he failed. We know of several cases of Pneumonia, and one in particular, where the best medical skill was entirely unavailing, and where the family Physician could not do a thing to break the fever by the most powerful and active treatment, and the patient was sinking rapidly into the arms of death, when Prof. Bolles was called, and in fifteen minutes, the young man was out of all his danger. This fact we learned from the father, who resides on Arch street; and we have learned from other persons that Mr. Simpson made Prof. Bolles a present of $250, as a manifestation of his gratitude to him for his timely services in restoring his son to health. We are acquainted with other persons who, after paying their regular fee for treatment, have presented him with presents of forty, fifty, eighty, eighty-five, one hundred, and even three hundred dollars; and this speaks volumes for his treatment and the high esteem of this community, not only in him as a man of honor, but more because of his great skill in the application of the various modifications of Electricity as a reliable therapeutic agent for the cure of acute and chronic diseases. Yet as we have heard Prof. B. say that he can so apply Electricity as to control any acute cases quicker than any Physician can make his prescription, we never were prepared to believe, and especially after we had seen some of his cures on many of our friends. We will mention the names of a few gentlemen who have been cured of most obstinate diseases, and give their places of residence, when treated by Prof. Bolles:

EDWARD MCMAHON, Consumption, middle stage, 1229 Front street, Philada.
J. RICKERT, Chronic Bronchitis and Congestion of the Brain, 518 Callowhill street.
REV. J. MALLORY, Aphonia, Philada.
JAMES R. GREVES, severe Lumbago, 216 Pine street, Philada.
ANTHONY CARNEY, Consumption, 1317 Market street, Philada.
THOMAS HARRUP, severe Diabetes, Rose Mills, West Philada.
E. A. STEEL, M. D., Consumption, middle stage No. 6 South 12th street, Philada.
H. C SHUTTLEFF, Cancer in the Stomach, 3729 Market street, Philada.
GEORGE GRANT, Rheumatic Gout, 610 Chestnut street, Philada.
H. T. DEHLVER, Chronic Neuralgia, 1736 Chestnut street.
WM. MORGAN, Chronic Dyspepsia, 410 Spruce street, Philada.
JAMES NUGENT, Deafness for six years, 15th and Bedford.
THOMAS OWENS, Congestion of the Brain and Hemorrhage of the Lungs, also long standing Diabetes.
WM. H SHANE, Paralysis of the lower limbs, Paraplegia and Epilepsy, publisher of the National Merchant, 126 South 2d street.
WM. T. EVANS, preacher of the M. E. Church, Dyspepsia Laryngitis, and Lumbago, 1633 Hermuto street.
JUDAH LEVY, Bronchial Consumption, 314 South Front street.
A. G. CROLL, N. E. corner 10th and Market sts.
H. CRAIG, 1725 Arch street and 183 Broad st.
E. S. NASH, 313 South Sixth street.
ISAAC GUYER, 2 Woodland Terrace.
CHARLES H. GRIGG, Nos. 219 and 221 Church Alley.
JOHN MCCORMICK, 12 0 Ridge Avenue.
L. C. STOCTON, 216 Market street.

We most earnestly advise all sufferers from acute or chronic diseases, who have tried medical men of the most eminent reputation, and have failed of being cured, to apply at once to PROF. C. H. BOLLES, 1220 Walnut st., Philada.

BILIOUSNESS.
DYSPEPSIA.
COSTIVENESS.

Dr. Radway's Pills will cure the worst cases by the use of one to six boxes. A highly respectable gentleman in this city had not enjoyed the luxury of a natural movement of the bowels for twenty years. He was compelled to assist nature by means of an injection every morning. He had tried all the popular pills in use, but every call to the water closet was attended with great straining and tenesmus, and then to secure a passage he resorted to injections. He was advised to take Dr. Radway's Pills, the first dose removed the obstruction, three boxes completed a cure and made him a happy man. He enjoys now a regular movement every morning, and has not taken a particle of medicine in eighteen months. Radway's Pills purge thoroughly, occasion no sickness, straining, weakness or piles. Price 25 cents per box.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
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CERTIFICATE—GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING—BALDNESS PREVENTED.

London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," three bottles of which restored my hair, which was very gray, to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Mr. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER.
730 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

It is not a Dye, and is the only known restorer of color and perfect hair dressing combined, being entirely different from any article ever introduced to an American public. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2.50. Sold by Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address.
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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, and Irritation or Soreness of the throat.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. H. J. Morton, D. D., OSGOOD WELSH, to JULIA SHIRLEY, daughter of Commodore Turner, U. S. N.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. LE ROY LEMEN, of Harrisburg, to Miss BECKIE MARSHALL, of this city.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. FRANK B. LUCAS, Jr., to Miss ELLEN SMITH, daughter of J. Alfred Smith, Esq., both of this city.

On the 22d of April, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE J. NOLTER, of Northumberland county, Pa., to Miss ANN C. DAVIS, of this city.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., JOHN RAU, Esq., to Miss EMILY SCHAU, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. George W. McLaughlin, LEVI REEVE, to MARY STORER, both of this city.

On the 4th of Feb., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. EDMUND CRONIN, of this city, to Miss DIANA C HAMBRIGHT, of Lancaster county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of April, JOHN BLACK, in his 25th year.

On the 25th of April, JOSEPH W. ROBBS, in his 32d year.

On the 25th of April, DAVID GOLDEY, in his 20th year.

On the 25th of April, WILLIAM M. BARTHOLOMEW, in his 44th year.

On the 24th of April, ELIZABETH, widow of the late Jos. Bond.

On the 24th of April, Mr. JOHN BAILEY, in his 45th year.

On the 23d of April, Miss LYDIA A. BATEY, aged 27 years.

On the 25d of April, SUSAN HAINES, in her 72d year.

On the 23d of April, Mrs. MARY WALLACE, aged 50 years.

On the 22d of April, Mr. JAMES B. STEPHENS, in his 78th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 400 ARCH ST., Have ordered this season, for their best customs,

Richest Silks imported;
Shawls of exclusive styles;
Dress Goods, Paris styles;
Spring Mantles, Cloth and Silk.
mar12-1y

ELECTRICITY.

Cancer, Goitre, Tumors, and all foreign growths cured by special guarantee, if the patient desires, at the Electrical Institute of Prof. BOLLES and Dr. BROWN, 1220 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

J. STEWART DEPUY,

At M. MAHAN'S, 253 South Second Street above Spruce, is now selling, from the best stock and assortment of

CARPETING, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,

that he has had for many years, to which he would respectfully invite those who wish to purchase anything in that line. ap3-10t

☞ Save Your Life. ☜

Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney Complaint, *Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Gravel, Tetter, Barber's Itch and Baldness.* A Treatise on the above Diseases with their *speedy and permanent cure*, sent *free* to any address. Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. ap16-6t

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SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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Photograph Album, morocco 40 portraits, by mail, 2.35
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Photograph Album, turkey morocco, 40 portraits, 2.90
Photograph Albums, turkey extra gilt, 51 portraits, 3.50

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS FOR THE CENTRE TABLE, ROYAL 12mo.

All the following have two clasps:

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Photograph Album, turkey, extra gilt, ivory ornaments, tooled edges, 5.00
Photograph Albums, turkey, alto relievo, 80 portraits, ivory ornaments, tooled edges, 6.00
Photograph Albums, turkey morocco, diamond sides, 50 portraits, ivory ornaments, tooled edges, 6.50

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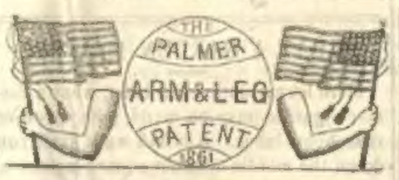

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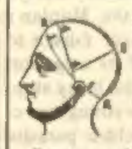

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Wit and Humor.

A SPECULATOR IN TROUBLE.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Boston Journal says that cotton speculators in that department are treated by both Federals and rebels with great severity. A good story is going the rounds in regard to a citizen of New Orleans, one of those neutral individuals who are on the fence ready to jump on either side policy dictates to be for their interest. He left New Orleans about two months since, bound for the Confederate lines, with the intention of investing what money he had in cotton. The friend who related the incident to me said that just before starting he met him in the street, and after exchanging the usual commonplace remarks, inquired:

"What are you up to now, Brown?"

"Oh, I've just made a good thing; been into the Confederacy and brought out thirty bales of cotton. Bound up again to-morrow, and if nothing happens I'll bring back four times that quantity."

"Be careful, Brown, or you'll get gobbled up. They'll have you in the rebel army."

"Oh, no fear of that. They all know me to be a good Confederate. Besides, I've got British papers"

A month later the two friends met, Brown looking decidedly downcast and seedy. Wallace accosted him with:

"Well, Brown, how about that cotton?"

"Don't talk to me about cotton. Lost everything."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I got up to Bayou Sara the same night the rebels made their raid into the place. I had plenty of time to escape, same as good many others did, but I thought I was all right, and so, with a friend, sat down to a game of poker, just to show that we didn't feel at all alarmed. Presently in come some rebs and began to search us. On my partner they found a lot of Confederate money, and they wanted to know what right he had in the Federal lines with Confed. money? So they just took it. Of course I was convinced now that I was all right—my money was all greenbacks. 'What are you doing in the Confederacy with Federal money?' they asked. So they took mine too."

"That was rough. Is that all they done to you?"

"All! No, sir. They stripped me of everything; and one big fellow gave me such a kick as to take me off my feet, with the remark that if they ever caught me in the Confederacy again with so little money they'd hang me."

SALT VERSUS SALTPETRE.—Peter Brown kept a small country grocery. Living in an agricultural district, customers were very scarce, and sales few and light. However, he had a garden adjoining his store, and when not employed within, he was attending to his vegetables. One day a farmer drove up, and stopping, he familiarly exclaimed:

"Got any salt Peter?"

"No," the grocer replied.

Two hours afterwards the farmer drove back, he having been a distance of ten miles, and visited several other stores in the course of his ride.

"Tompkins, did you find any saltpetre?" called Mr. Brown from the garden, resting on his hoe.

"Saltpetre! no, I didn't want that; I wanted salt!"

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" replied Peter. "I have plenty of salt."

Moral—A proper respect to a comma (,) in that instance might have saved a long drive and a wearied horse.—*Knickerbocker.*

ONE OF THE TENANTS.—"Jimmy," said Mr. Murphy to his son, "get some kindlin' an' be afther makin' a fire."

"Plaze, sir, I can't; Misther O'Brien used the last bannister yesterday."

"The bannisters all gone? Thin go on the roof and thry the virtue o' thim shingles."

Exit Jimmy.

In a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Murphy went to his landlord and wanted a "reduckshin o' rent—kaze why? the roof lakes!"

A RETIRED cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the poor laws: "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave acquiescence in these pithy words: "Yes, I am aware that you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

GOING HUNTING.—A gentleman had been paying his addresses, for some time, to a young lady by the name of Hunt, and finally married her. A few evenings after the happy event, as he was coming from her residence, he was accosted by an old friend. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "I see you still go Hunting." "No!" replied the gentleman; "I have bagged my game."

☞ Josh Billings says that it is 5 dollars fine, in Cincinnati, tew strike a hog, in anger.

INFLUENCE OF HYMNS.

Madgeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain who would not take a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the archdeacon summoned the people together saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God," and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded that, within an hour, more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A VEGETABLE MURDERER.

The vegetation of the Brazilian forest displays a spirit of restless selfishness and emulation very antagonistic to the principle of Live and let Live.

Each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upward towards life and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbors. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm gripe on others, making use of them as instruments for their own advancement. One of this description is called the Murderer. * * * It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plaister mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth from each side an armlike branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side, and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards; and the victim, when its strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings grow larger as the Murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky, mingled with that of its neighbor, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim. * * * When the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls.

ENGAGE-RINGS.—In a passage you have quoted in your columns last week, I see it mentioned that "engage-rings," that is, the ring given by a lover to his mistress with a promise of marriage, and worn by her to show that her hand is engaged, that she is, in fact, a promised bride, is, in these days, worn on the index finger of the left hand. The index finger means, I believe, the first or forefinger. This is something quite new to me, and I think will be to others. All the betrothed ladies I know, or have known, and the number is pretty large, wore the ring on the third finger of the left hand—the wedding finger. The rings were generally of diamonds, sometimes a keeper-ring, that is, chased gold without a stone, and one young lady I knew had a very pretty ring which, divided into three separate rings hanging one within the other, and could only be placed again in one, when they formed a device by herself and the giver. It reminded me of a Chinese puzzle. Whilst referring to precious stones and gifts, I may mention that formerly both the emerald and the turquoise were said to change color when the giver proved faithless, and were, therefore, favorite gifts with lovers. Anne Boleyn is said to have possessed a turquoise ring given by a young lover, the changing of which stone in color being accepted by her as a token of his disallegiance, assisted to bring about a very different fate from what, perchance, she might have realized; such trifles sometimes move human destinies.—G. C. C.

☞ Music is the only earthly bliss that the imaginations of men have transferred to heaven.

☞ When God breaks our idols in pieces, it is not for us to put them together again.

LADY.—"Indeed, Cook, I cannot bear the laughing and noise down stairs—it is quite intolerable!"

COOK.—"Well, mam! something must be done to deaden the sound; for the noise up stairs is equally annoying to hus!"

RIMMEL'S PERFUME CRACKERS.—The opening of the Easter season for evening parties, puts every one on the *qui vive* for some novelty to add to the amusement and elegance of these entertainments. Mr. Rimmel (always ingenious and prolific in the invention of novelties) has produced a variation of the bon-bon crackers (the pulling of which give so much delight to young people, and which enable the ladies to display their powers of screaming musically, whilst they give the gentlemen so many opportunities of showing off their elocutionary abilities in declaiming the verses of the motto), which are certain to become popular. The novelty consists in introducing a little *flacon* of scent in the place of the always useless, and seldom eaten *bon-bon*. These little scent-bottles are made of soft metal, and are so compressible, that when the capsule or stopper is unscrewed, a tiny jet of scent may be showered at pleasure. This is in every way better than the burnt almond or uneatable sugar plum which generally forms the kernel of a cracker, for, after the preliminary screaming caused by the explosion of the fire-work has been got over, the battle may be kept up in a very amusing manner by squirting the scent freely and impartially among the combatants. The mottoes selected by Mr. Rimmel for his "Perfume Crackers" are infinitely superior to those which are generally found in the ordinary crackers.—*London Paper.*

Agricultural.

WHAT A GARDEN MAY BE.

Here let me outline, in brief, what a farmer's garden may be made, without other than home labor. A broad walk shall run down the middle of either square enclosure, or long parallelogram. A box edging upon either side is of little cost, and contributes eminently to neatness; it will hold good for eight years, without too much encroachment, and at that time, will sell to the nursery men for more than enough to pay the cost of resetting. On either side of this walk, in a border of six feet wide, the farmer may plant his dwarf fruit, with grapes at intervals, to climb upon a home-made cedar trellis, that shall overarch and embower the walk.

At least one half the garden, as I before suggested, he may easily arrange, to till—Spring and Autumn—with the plough; and whatever he places there in the way of tree and shrub, must be in lines parallel with the walk. On the other half, he will be subjected to no such limitations; there, he will establish his perennials—his asparagus, his thyme, his sage, his parsley; his rhubarb, his gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries; and in an angle—hidden if he choose by a belt of shrubbery—he may have his hot-bed and compost heap. Fork culture, which all these crops demand, will admit of any arrangement he may prefer, and he may enliven the groupings, and win the good wife's favor, by here and there a little circlet of such old-fashioned flowers as tulips—yellow lilies and white, with roses of all shades.

Upon the other half he may make distribution of part, by banding the various crops with border lines of China or Refugee beans; and he may split the whole crosswise, by a walk overarched with climbing Limas, or the London Horticultural—setting off the two ends with an abutment of Scarlet runners, and a surbase of fiery Nasturtium.

There are also available and pretty devices for making the land do double duty. The border lines of China beans, which will be ripened in early autumn, may have Swedes sown in their shadow in the first days of July, so that when the Chinas have fulfilled their mission, there shall be a new line of purple green in their places. The early radishes and salads may have their little circlet of cucumber pits, no way interfering with the first, and covering the ground when the first are done. The early Bassano beets will come away in time to leave space for the full flow of the melons that have been planted at intervals among them. The cauliflower will find grateful shade under the lines of sweet corn, and the newly-set winter cabbages, a temporary refuge from the sun, under shelter of the ripened peas. I do not make these suggestions at random, but as the results of actual and successful experience.

With such simple and orderly arrangement, involving no excessive labor, I think every farmer and country liver may take pleasure in his garden as an object of beauty; making of it a little farm in miniature, with its coppices of dwarf trees, its hedge rows of currants and gooseberries, and its meadows of strawberries and thyme. From the very day on which, in Spring, he sees the first, faint, upheaving, tufted lines of green from his Dan-O'Rourkes, to the day when the dangling Limas, and sprawling bloody tomatoes are smitten by the frost, it offers a field of constant progress and of successive triumphs. Line by line, and company by company, the army of green things take possession; the little flowery banners are flung to the wind; and lo! presently every soldier of them all—plundered only the earth and sunshine—is loaded with booty.—*Ik Marvel.*

The Best Floor for a Hen-House.

I have found a firm composition floor the best, as with it I can go into my hen-houses at all times, even in the hottest weather in the height of summer (the especial season of parasites) without seeing a shadow of living thing of offensive kind. Have the ground in the hen-house dug out and removed a foot deep, and fill in the space with good draining material. For this purpose may be used coarse gravel, the coarser stuff used in road making (technically called metal), baked brick earth, such as is used in quantities on the railways, or an *omnium gatherum* of broken crockery, stones, brickbats, clinkers, oyster-shells, and such like, often also used in road-making to drain the soil, and make it firm, and sometimes, it would seem, to collect all the little children of a locality, and form them into embryo *virtuosi* and collectors, and to fill the mother's rooms with atoms of fine china, cracked gallipots, handleless jugs, spoutless teapots, and other curiosities. This stratum must be well levelled and rammed down, and then covered with a good thick layer of a composition made of lime, cinder ashes, gravel, and cement, laid on with a bricklayer's trowel. The house must then be shut up from intruders, but left open to the air until the floor is thoroughly hardened, which will take from one to five weeks, according to the weather.

There is only one objection to this floor, which is that the ever industrious hens will most likely, during some long spell of wet weather, when there is no scratching to be had out of doors, discover a weak spot in it by industrious search with beak and claws, and go to work upon that one weak spot until they convert it into a soft, well-mixed dust bath. This I hardly reckon a fault in my favorite flooring, as it gives endless amusement to the hens when they most want it, and it can be restored at very small expense. A little patching and mending once a year will set all right again, and few floors require less attention than this. On the other hand it is firm, and not cold. It can easily be kept clean by removing the sweepings every day, and scattering dry sand all over it to facilitate the next cleaning; and it can always be made pure by lime-washing it, when the house is lime-washed, which should be three or four times every summer. EMMA W.

PLANT PEAS DEEP.

In an article recently written on the culture of early peas, we recommended that they be planted deep, say as low as four to six inches. We find the following in confirmation of these views:—

The theory recently advocated, of planting peas very deeply in the earth, in order to prolong the bearing capacity of the vines, has also been well tested and found to be correct. A farmer told me that he ploughed a furrow beam deep; then scattered the seed peas at the bottom, after which he turned a deep furrow upon them with his plough, covering them, if possible, to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches. They pushed their way up through the thick mass of earth very soon, and, instead of turning yellow at the bottom, and dying after the first gathering, they blossomed and bore until he was tired of picking the pods. If such a result will uniformly be realized from the plan, pea culture may be more profitable than hitherto.

Useful Receipts.

CORNS.—I advance the following, from positive experience of thirty years, and many a pretty French foot have I "*soulagé*":—Soak your feet well in warm water, let a friend pare down the "fiend" as close as possible with a sharp penknife, but be careful not to draw blood, then rub the corn with caustic—the first application will cause some little inconvenience for a short time—this will form a hard sort of plaster, and will remain so three weeks or a month; it will come off naturally of itself by bathing the foot, or by a slight application of the finger-nail; renew the caustic, no further unpleasantness will be felt, and fresh paring perfectly unnecessary. In the centre of the plaster so taken away, you will perceive a fine knot or point, leaving a small hole in the corn. Moderately tight shoes, I may add, do not inconvenience the wearer.—H. G. (Paris)

GINGERBREAD.—½ pound flour, ½ pound loaf-sugar, 1 ounce candied lemon, ½ ounce ginger, 1 egg, ½ pound melted butter. Not to be much browned.

LEMON PICKLE.—Take twelve lemons, pare or grate so as not to let the least white appear, cut them near at each end, and work in as much salt as you can, rubbing them very well inside and out; lay them in an earthen dish or pan for three or four days, and put a good deal of salt over them, 12 cloves of garlic, a large handfull of horse-radish. Dry the lemons in a very slow oven with the salt over them, or before the fire, till they have no moisture left in them; the garlic and horse-radish not so dry. Take a gallon of white vinegar, ½ oz. of mace, cloves, cayenne-pepper, and nutmeg crushed; give them a boil in the vinegar; when cold, stir in ½ pound flour of mustard, pour it upon the lemons with the other ingredients, and stir them every day for a month or two. The lemons, when properly dried, are extremely hard. Care should be taken not to let them burn; they must be kept in a glass or stone jar, as they eat through any common earthenware.

GRIDDLE CAKE.—A very nice cake can be produced by rubbing some butter into flour as you would for pie-crust, rolling it out about half an inch thick, and baking on a quick griddle. These cakes should be opened and buttered hot like muffins. If "Daisy" wishes it, I can tell her how to make *wheaten* and *oaten* cakes, as used by the peasants in the County Dublin and the North of Ireland.

"SLIM CAKE."—Take as much flour as required. Instead of moistening it with water, warm a good sized piece of butter in as much milk as will make the flour into a nice paste, not forgetting to add a little salt. Roll it out to the thickness of about half an inch, and cut it out to fancy—either in squares, round, or triangular. Bake on rather a smart griddle. This should eat short, like "*Short bread.*" If a rich cake is required, use more butter, and add one or more eggs, according to the quantity of flour.

PRESERVED HORSERADISH.—Scrape horse-radish, and pour distilled or brown vinegar over it, and cork up.

POLISHING FLOOR-CLOTH.—Wash your floor cloth clean; when quite dry, put a piece of drugget over your furniture-brush, bees-wax your cloth, and polish the floor.

FURNITURE PASTE.—Shred ½ pound bees'-wax and 1 oz. of white soap into 2 quarts of water in an earthenware jar; put it on a slow fire, until quite dissolved, stirring it occasionally. After it has cooled a little, mix in 1d. of salts of tartar, and 1d. of salts of nitre. Replace the jar by the fire, and stir it until it *pimples*, then remove it instantly to prevent it effervescing. Place the jar in a pale of cold water, and stir the mixture until nearly cold.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 5, 6, 1, 16, 4, was a son of Nahor.
My 23, 33, 28, 24, was a prophetess.
My 51, 52, 25, 19, 41, was one of the Apostles.
My 7, 41, 54, 43, 21, was the daughter-in-law of Naomi.
My 27, 15, is an animal.
My 39, 40, 45, 48, 4, was a Hebrew measure.
My 32, 31, 56, 51, 45, 14, 49, was starved to death.
My 46, 33, 30, 30, 36, is a book of the New Testament.
My 6, 55, 35, 37, 29, was the son of Helon.
My 1, 50, 9, 11, 34, was a great city between Nineveh and Cabesh.
My 8, 38, 26, 24, 45, was a Hittite.
My 13, 50, 44, 21, 23, 1, was a city of Samaria.
My 53, 3, was king of Bashan.
My 12, 2, 17, 11, 30, was Paul's companion in prison.
My 4, 47, 12, 6, 16, was a prophet.
My 11, 18, 14, 38, 10, 2, 20, 50, is a word mentioned but once in the Bible.
My whole is one of Solomon's sayings.

SHESH B. WEST.

Bentleyville, Wash. Co., Pa.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 25, 10, 14, 19, 21, 18, is an island in South America.
My 22, 16, 9, is a river in Alabama.
My 15, 24, 13, 3, is a town in Maine.
My 24, 19, 7, 22, 3, is a lake in Russia.
My 1, 17, 4, 12, is a town in Russia.
My 26, 12, 16, 19, 5, 24, 21, is a town in New Jersey.
My 12, 2, 23, 20, 12, 9, 21, is a river in Virginia.
My 13, 11, 3, 4, 8, is a county on Martha's Vineyard.
My 6, 14, 17, 12, 18, is a seaport in France.
My whole is good advice to every American family that can read.

Oniclaunce, Pa. R. W. W.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in flour, but not in wheat.
My 2d is in sun, but not in heat.
My 3d is in brown, but not in white.
My 4th is in torch, but not in light.
My 5th is in wrong, but not in right.
My 6th is in fun, but not in fight.
My 7th is in sink, but not in rise.
My 8th is in mouth, but not in eyes.
My 9th is in coward, but not in bold.
My 10th is in young, but not in old.
My 11th is in earth, but not in sky.
My 12th is in born, but not in die.
My 13th is in hands, but not in feet.
My 14th is in sour, but not in sweet.
My 15th is in run, but not in walk.
My 16th is in cry, but not in talk.
My 17th is in beef, but not in ham.
My 18th is in pail, but not in can.
My 19th is in pain, but not in joy.
My 20th is in girl, but not in boy.
My whole is two things to fight for.

YATES.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four letters.
Omit my 1st, and I am an emanation.
Omit my 1st and 2d, and I signify compliance.
Transpose me, and I am a measure.
My whole is a conveyance.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a hole 12 inches square be cut through the centre of a sphere 30 inches in diameter, how many cubic inches of the sphere will be consumed? GILL BATES.

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The tangent of an arc (to radius unity) is 29-420. Required the tangent of an arc ten times as great? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When a woodman begins to work, what does he say? Ans.—He saws the trees to get a supply of timber.

☞ Of what trade are bees? Ans.—They are comb-makers.

☞ Why is America like its last letter? Ans.—Because it is beyond the sea (c).

☞ When does a musical instrument beheaded become a spirit? Ans.—When it is a drum (rum.)

☞ When does a useful article of dress, by removing a letter, become an ardent passion? Ans.—When it is a glove (love.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The escape of Colonel Streight from Libby Prison, and John Morgan from the Ohio Penitentiary."
CHARADE—Babelmandel (Bay-bell-man-dell.)
RIDDLE—Milton.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM published March 26th. 35, 35 and 56 feet. Reuben Barto, Morgan Stevens, Gill Bates, Walter Siverly, and A. Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, March 26, 56.1553 A. and 43.8447 A. Walter Siverly, Morgan Stevens, Reuben Barto, and the author.